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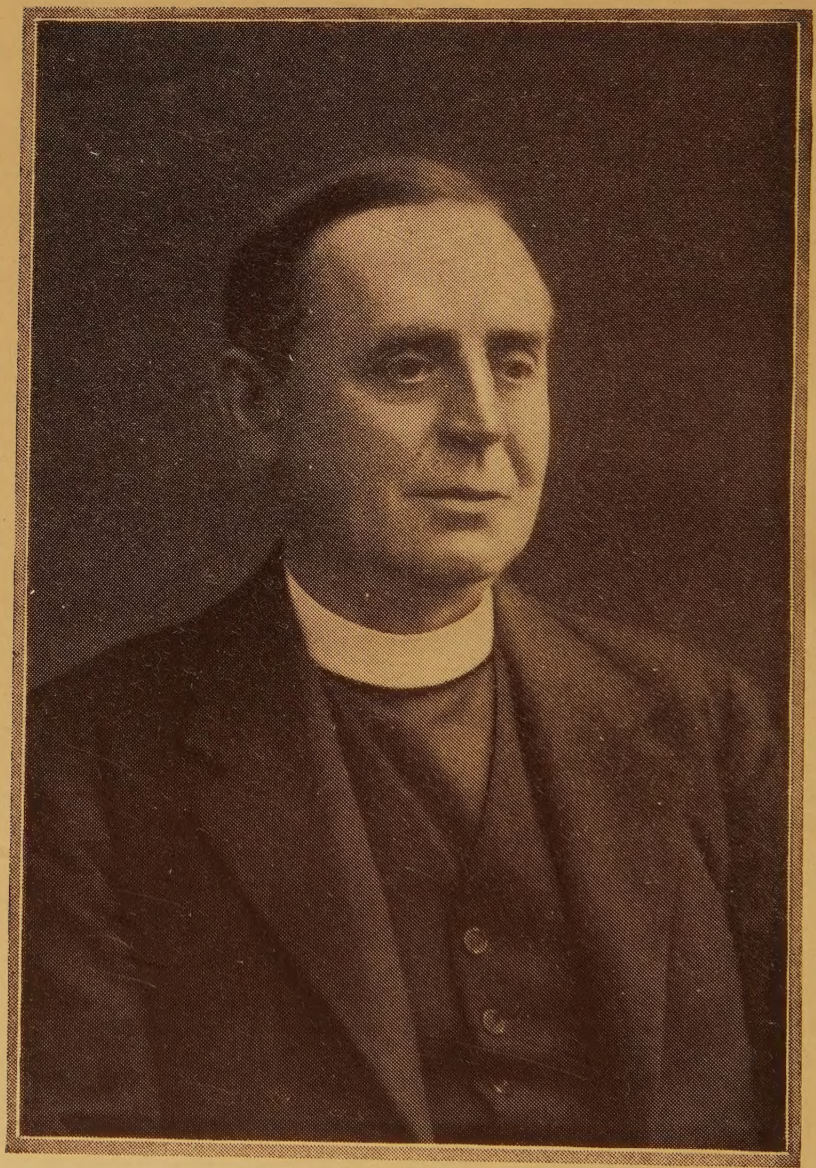


Yours very sincerely

Ernest D. Ellis

The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 151 June, 1928

Our June Number

By THE EDITOR

Our Band of Contributors.

OUR frontispiece of the Chairman of the Oxford District calls back many memories of his father, the Rev. Walford Green, one of the most brotherly and beloved of ministers of the last generation. We are glad to have Mr. Bodgener's history of the Oxford District, which has not been easy to compile, but which gives a bird's eye view of such centres of successful work as Witney, Banbury, and Reading. Mr. Scholes' second article on 'Chinese Nationalism' throws further light on that strange world which causes so much anxiety to the West; the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead shows how the mind influences the body and explains many things that are mysterious in the hold of Christian science. Hope and trust in God can still remove mountains. The striking paper on a Class-meeting in the Anglican Church should not be overlooked. It is an honour to have such a band of contributors as are met under the covers of this month's *Magazine*. They are emphatically worthy of a welcome in every home throughout Methodism.

Trinity Sundey.

Bishop Heber's 'Holy, holy, holy,' is the Te Deum for Trinity Sunday. Lord Tennyson agreed with Bishop Welldon in thinking it the finest hymn ever written, remembering the difficulty of its theme, its perfect spirituality, and the devotion and purity of its language. On Trinity Sunday the whole glory of redemption seems to unfold itself before our eyes. The Fatherhood of God, the Incarnation, the Cross and the Resurrection, the outpouring of that Pentecostal grace, which equips the Church for its work of bringing the world back again to God—all these are focussed together on this day. The mystery which must always surround the doctrine of the Trinity is lost in the consciousness that God is with us, mighty to save and to renew man in the likeness of Jesus Christ.

The Mysore Report.

The past year in India has been 'the year of a book. In

reaction to a book written by an American lady on the social life of the country, generally regarded by the people as unsympathetic and even contemptuous in tone, a wave of passionate resentment has rolled over the mind of educated India, to break in protest in every place where men gather together.' That feeling about *Mother India* has its opportunities as well as its dangers, and shows that 'any compelling idea expressed even in English would find a large audience and wide hospitality' in India. At one time it was denied that outcaste people were Hindus at all. In the 1911 census they were excluded from the Hindu returns. Now the large accessions to Christianity from the depressed classes has awakened Hindu jealousy and in the census of 1921 these same classes are included with the Hindus. Our missionaries see clearly that for hundreds of thousands in India the only hope of betterment is spiritual renewal according to a different ideal than can ever come within their ken left to themselves or their Hindu brothers. It is manifest from this Report and from the wonderful welcome given to Dr. Stanley Jones that the leaven of Christianity is mightly at work in India.

July at Los Angeles.

On July 11 the tenth World's Sunday School Convention is to meet at Los Angeles in South California. Christian World Fellowship is the dominant note. It is realized that missionary enterprise is passing through a testing period and that 'the missionary zeal and fervour that burned in the breasts of the first-century missionaries must be kindled in the hearts of twentieth-century young men and women if we are to meet properly the rapidly changing world conditions.' That will be the guiding thought of the Convention—Thy Kingdom come. Dr. W. G. Landes became General Secretary of the Association last November and we are glad to know that Mr. Wesley Walker will represent our own Sunday School work at Los Angeles.

A Great Astronomer.

Mr. E. W. Maunder, who died on March 21, was superintendent of the Solar Department at Greenwich Observatory, which he entered in 1873. The British Astronomical Association was founded by him and his *Astronomy of the Bible* and other books have an assured place in the literature of Astronomy. His father was a Wesleyan minister, well-known in London fifty years ago.

John Telford

Don't be Tired To-morrow

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A.

DON'T be tired to-morrow is the free translation of an African proverb for which I am indebted to Dr. J. H. Ritson, an ex-President of our Conference, and a secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It might seem as though tiredness was a physical thing with which religion had no concern. One answer to this would be that a full religion includes in the circle of its scope the physical as well as the psychical and spiritual. Jesus's own acts of healing are part of the evidence of this fact, and a complete religion should teach that God's ideal will for man is perfect health of body, mind, and spirit.

But one does not need this argument here, for what we call tiredness often has a psychical origin, and what I am setting out to do in this article is to show what I think will be of value in this age of nervous breakdowns, neurasthenias and tirednesses, when you can hardly look round upon any city crowd without being struck by the weariness in people's faces—first that a great deal of tiredness has its origin in the mind, second that therefore, it is the mind which must be tuned up, and third that religion is the ideal tonic for the mind.

The Beginnings of Tiredness.

First of all then, to show that a good deal of tiredness begins in the mind. Mosso's experiment shows that in an ordinary action such as the moving of an arm, one can, by stimulating the nerve with an electric current, produce contractions of the muscle which go on for a certain time and then cease, owing to fatigue; but if the muscle alone is then stimulated it continues to contract. That is to say it is not the muscle that has been fatigued. We do not need this experiment save as a scientific background, because we can observe the same thing in ordinary life. Some of us have vivid memories of long and wearisome route marches during our army experience. We can remember reaching the stage when, through sheer weariness, men no longer sang, when they trailed their rifles, and some began to fall out. Then perhaps on the horizon would appear the little red triangles which meant that we were in sight of the tents which formed the best substitute we had for home. At any rate it was the end of the journey. At once the men picked up their rifles, burst into song, and marched with head up and shoulders back. What had happened? *It was the mind that had been tired, not*

the body. And when the mind was exhilarated, fatigue of body was almost negligible. One of the facts of life which it is interesting to know is this, that the mind is always exhausted before the body. It is not difficult to understand why this is so. It seems to be the purpose of God that the earlier fatigue of the mind shall warn the body that it is approaching the zone of danger, and thus save it from exhaustion. At any rate in the long story of evolution the mind evolved after the body. For example, muscular development and strength are derived from far earlier phases of our progress from the animals than is the activity of the higher centres of the brain. Thus the mind is not so completely adapted to its environment as is the body, and often takes fright at the demands that are made upon it. We may say in popular language that when a person faints it is not because there is anything the matter with his body, but because his mind turns away in horror from a certain situation and provides him a way of escaping from that situation if only for a few moments. In a not dissimilar way the element of tiredness is largely mental. There is nothing seriously wrong with the physical organism, but the mind is depressed for reasons which we shall see, and therefore induces in the body an illusion of fatigue. Very few people ever get anywhere near the point of actual physical fatigue unless there is organic disease sapping the energies, or unless they are athletes, or are doing very exceptionally fatiguing physical work. In a sentence, it is their mind that is tired, and we may say popularly that the mind being on the throne of the body persuades the body that it is tired, the body accepts the authority of the throne, and symptoms of fatigue ensue.

The Mind Stimulates the Body.

A few simple illustrations of this may persuade the reader to accept this truth and not turn away from the article with his tongue in his cheek. However tired you might feel after a long day's work, if somebody told you that by walking fifteen miles you could gain ten thousand pounds you would find that you could accomplish the journey—if you believed it—and the body would not let you down. Better still, think of a mother utterly tired out with house work, who protests at night that she can hardly put one foot before the other. Her child falls ill, and with tireless energy she nurses it day and night. Her mind is stimulated by love for her child, and her body carries on, showing conclusively that it was her mind and not her body that was really tired. I once stayed with a friend for the week-end, and

on the Saturday afternoon his wife asked him to cut the grass in the front garden. The lawn was about the size of a pocket handkerchief. He grumbled a great deal and complained of fatigue, but at last took the shears and began. He had many rests and came in exhausted and lay on the couch until tea-time. After tea a friend came and asked him to play tennis. He played hard tennis from six to nine-thirty, and then came home and said, ' It's nice to get a bit of exercise! ' In the latter case his mind was interested and therefore the body wasn't tired. In the former case the mind was unstimulated, therefore the body complained of fatigue. I remember once being in a home when a mother asked her son if he would take his granny for a stroll on a summer evening. He complained that one got very tired at the office. But when his girl came later in the evening they walked five miles, part of it in the dark, and returned without sign of fatigue. In the first case the mind was unstimulated and therefore the body was tired, but in the second case the mind was interested and the body knew no fatigue. Dr. Hadfield relates how he witnessed an explosion at midnight at a great munition factory, and afterwards heard that a neurasthenic woman, after her day's work, had risen from bed, and in anxiety for the safety of her husband and son, had run practically the whole distance of seven miles to the scene of the explosion in an incredibly short time.

Of course two questions will have risen to the mind of the reader already. One is that surely there must be a point at which physical fatigue does set in. I was once asked the question whether, when a man had completed fifteen miles and got his ten thousand pounds he could do another fifteen miles for another ten thousand pounds, and when this arrangement might be expected to break down. One answer might be that when he had walked thirty miles and made twenty thousand pounds the prospect of another ten thousand would be an insufficient stimulus to the mind to keep off the fatigue a further fifteen miles would bring! But, joking apart, a truer answer is this. Muscular activity produces lactic acid at the nerve ending. This lactic acid is a poison and if a sufficient quantity of it is manufactured, a fatigue will ensue and sleep will supervene in order that this acid may be oxidized. Therefore the argument cannot be carried to extremity. Our point which remains true is that very few people indeed ever get anywhere near the point where excess of lactic acid produces actual physical exhaustion.

The second question which will rise to the mind is whether

there will not be a reaction after mentally stimulated activity. Will not the mother ' go flop ' when the child recovers? It ought to be said clearly that one of the main factors which makes for what we call reaction is our expectation of it. If in driving my car I have occasion to make her go fifty miles an hour for a certain purpose, she does not let me down by developing a reaction when the demand for increased speed is not made. She only shows signs of a reaction if the supply of energy—petrol—gives out.

Toning up the Mind.

My second point is that since the mental factor in fatigue is so important we must find a way to tone up the mind, and so be the master of our mind that we can reduce fatigue to a minimum. Our women folk often tell us that we overwork. This should be received in the spirit in which it is given but not believed. It is safe to say that no one ever overworks. We commonly do one or more of three things. We worry, or we fail to *arrange* our work, or we do work that is not an expression of our personality. Let us look briefly at these three points.

One could cite hundreds of cases in which a so-called rest cure is no cure at all because the patient is worrying. The true cure for tiredness is very rarely inaction. For every one who is tired by having too much to do there are ninety-nine people who haven't enough to do. Ennui is the most tiring thing in the world. Worry is often caused by a failure to face up to some demand made upon our personality. If one may put it thus, there is something in the conscious mind, or subconscious mind, which is too poignant to be dismissed from the mind, and yet to which we have not really faced up. Sometimes, indeed, worry is caused by the fear of something that may happen, and a restless expenditure of mental energy wondering what we shall do when and if it does happen. Worry is often caused by the futile effort to cross bridges before we have got to the river. But what is actually happening in the mind—in popular language—is not dissimilar from the racing of the engine of a motor cycle. That is to say, tremendous energy is being expended, but the machinery is not being engaged.

The way to cope with such worry is to sit down and contemplate the whole situation, if necessary, write it out. Then one should make up one's mind as to what is the next thing to *do*. If at all practicable do it at once. This is to let the clutch in, and instead of the energy of the mind racing and expending itself without any result the machinery is being engaged, the

energy of the mind is being drawn away into definite action, and worry is killed. If it is impracticable to do anything at once, decide to do it as soon as possible, and deliberately turn the mind to other interests. When you have done all that can be done and viewed the whole situation and faced up to it, it is only unfitting yourself for whatever demands will be made upon you to let the energy of the mind waste itself in fruitless conjectures.

Arrangement and Personality.

In the second place a busy person should take great care to arrange his work. If possible I believe there is nothing which gives greater efficiency than to work to a time-table. By arrangement, one can go to each task freshly and quietly, do that task with all the strength of one's personality, and then go on to the next, and do that in the same way, being content to leave to the morrow the things one cannot do to-day, and giving a place of honour to resting, sleeping and eating. When one has carried out these two directions relating to worry and order one may leave results to God. Surely that is what Jesus did Himself. He didn't worry, He faced the entire situation, pondered quietly as to which line of action was His Father's will, did it as He did everything, with all the strength of His personality, and did not become frantic over what could not be accomplished, and He certainly gave a place of honour to the fellowship of the meal and the sacrament of sleep. We have the same number of hours in the day as He had.

The third point, that of doing work which expresses our personality, is more difficult because so many people are caught already and have to earn their living by doing certain things. They can only escape now by making the job they have to do sacramental. Let them see all service done to man as done to God and let them make their motto Browning's line in *Pippa Passes*:

All service ranks the same with God.

It is exceedingly important that young people who have not yet definitely chosen their profession or trade should be encouraged to choose a job, the doing of which does express their personality; a job they will like and take a real interest in. It is a poor life which only begins to live when the clock says that one may leave work, and far greater mental harmony will come by doing a job we love, even for small pay, than if, for a larger salary we do work in which we cannot express ourselves. A man who perfectly expresses himself in his daily work requires few

holidays. If a personal note may be excused it is possible to have one's diary full for months ahead, and to put in twelve or even fourteen hours work each day, and yet not to suffer fatigue and to keep a place of quiet about the soul. If the mind is governed in these three ways the mind will be at rest, and if the mind is at rest physical fatigue will not be that evil thing which makes us irritable, bad tempered, ' nervy,' hard to live with, and morose, but will be reduced to that healthy tiredness, such as one has after playing thirty-six holes of golf in a biting wind.

Work Expressing Personality.

The importance of this mental factor might be seen in some such comparison as one which I have borrowed, with other suggestive ideas, from an essay of Dr. Hadfield in ' The Spirit.' Let us imagine a physically frail Prime Minister who is a master of his mind. In the course of a day he guides the councils of State, may direct a war, may settle industrial disputes, advise on diplomatic relations with other nations, receive deputations on this matter and on that, all in addition to the ordinary cares of his private affairs. Compare that output of energy with that of a physically stalwart barber whose anxieties are confined to his little shop, who guides two assistants, settles a dispute with one of them, receives a deputation from the lather boy who asks for more wages, conducts diplomatic relations with the man who keeps the shop next door, and the height of whose diplomacy is to sell you a mixture which he alleges will cover your bald head with a beautiful growth of fluffy hair. I do not think it is an impossible comparison, yet at the end of the day the barber conceivably, and probably, would be far more tired than the Prime Minister. Why? Physically the barber is the stronger, but the Prime Minister is *the master of his mind*, therefore he doesn't worry, he works in an orderly way, and his work expresses his personality. His mind is at rest and real fatigue is ruled out.

The next thing that must be said is this. It will be noticed that the mind is refreshed by feeling. In the case of the man who walked fifteen miles it was the feeling of desire that refreshed his mind. In the case of the mother nursing her child it was the feeling of love for the child. In the case of the man playing tennis, and that of the man taking his girl for a walk, it was again feeling that banished tiredness. That is to say this refreshment to the mind cannot be obtained by flogging the will. However my friend had flogged his will in order to cut the front

lawn he could not in this way have got rid of his fatigue. It is important to notice this. Very many people imagine that if only they had a stronger will they could accomplish anything. The maximum strength of the personality, however, is only obtained when the will is fired by feeling, much as the machinery of a motor bike is fired by the petrol vapour and the will without feeling is not a great deal more use than the machinery without the petrol. If I say to a man sit down and do this difficult calculation, and if he is a man who greatly dislikes mathematics, I may have some difficulty in persuading him to do it however much he flogs his will, but if I tell him that the answer to the calculation is the amount of money left to him by his aunt who has just died in Australia he works with avidity. Those feelings of interest have been aroused. Some of us know the difference between going into a room full of people and *willing* that one shall feel perfectly at home and at ease; *willing* that a strained attitude shall be avoided, and then being made to *feel* at home by a kindly greeting from one's hostess. If one is passing down the street and sees a bully torturing a child one doesn't stand and engage one's will saying, ' Go to, I will now deliver this child from the clutches of this bully.' The will, fired by the feeling of indignation, causes one to hurl oneself at the bully with hardly a moment's conscious thought. Feelings of anger, indignation, curiosity, compassion, and the like lead men to do things which they would never do merely by the exertion of the will. Paul knew this as well as any one. He says, ' The good which I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do.' But he also says, ' The love of Christ constraineth us.' Where will is impotent, feeling is potent.

Prayer the Mind's Great Tonic.

We have now reached this point. The origin of most of our tiredness is in the mind. Therefore it is for the mind that we must find a means of refreshment. The nature of this refreshment is rather in feeling than in will. The conclusion of the matter is this. Although feeling is automatically released by the instincts in many of the situations in which we find ourselves, as, for example, when a man fights for his life, loves his betrothed, rescues a child from a bully, runs away from a house on fire, or back into it to save his child, yet there are many situations in which the mind needs refreshment through feeling, when the instincts do not release it automatically. How can this feeling be released? The answer is the way of prayer. You would find it the greatest tonic for the mind, and thus for the body; the

greatest specific against neurasthenia and nervous breakdown, if you would resolutely keep even a quarter of an hour a day, during which you pushed back the tumultuous demands of the things you have to do, went into the silence where God can more easily be realized, and held in the mind for a moment the thought of the presence of Christ and the thought of that quality of His which you need most. If you know that you are going to have a day of rush and turmoil and irritation, and especially if, having begun, you find your temper going, and your irritability increasing, deliberately go away for a quarter of an hour and try this way. When you are alone and quiet, say to yourself, ' The Peace of God is mine. The Peace of God is mine.' Not asking for it, but taking it. (Mark ii. 24.) Poise and peace will become yours. So whatever quality you feel you lack take hold of with both hands by faith and in quietness. In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. All Christ's qualities are expressions of His love, and you will find His love the greatest, deepest feeling in the world, flooding into your mind and spirit, bathing them, and refreshing them, and healing them, and when the mind is at ease the wearinesses of the flesh will fold their tents like the Arabs and as silently steal away.

A Striking Illustration.

Let me close with one illustration. ' One hot night at sea,' says Mr. F. A. Atkins, ' I was sitting out on deck, when a dear old man joined me, and began to talk of politics, social reform, and religion. After a time we spoke of Jesus, and I remarked that a man had written a book to prove that He was a myth—a fictitious and legendary figure. " A myth! " exclaimed my companion. " So they call Him that, do they? Well, then, a myth saved me from suicide." With a little encouragement he told me the story. Overwork and a nervous breakdown had led to insomnia. He consulted specialist after specialist, spent weary days in health resorts and nursing-homes, and still endured awful, endless nights of dreary sleeplessness. " Every night," he said, " I went to bed worn out, worried, and wakeful. A dozen times I would get up, turn on the light, walk about, go back to bed—but all in vain. I had been going on like this for nearly a year. I had tried everything, but still I could not sleep. I was unable to read or work, and life was becoming an intolerable burden. I felt sometimes that reason was tottering, and, to my horror, I had begun to think of suicide. One night, when I was desperate, I began to pray. I told Jesus

I had heard that He helped men when they were at their last gasp, and I was pretty nearly finished. I told Him the whole story—all I had gone through. I told Him I could not stand it much longer, and I begged Him to come to my help. Then I turned over and slept peacefully for three hours. Since then, I have prayed every night, and every night I sleep—good, refreshing sleep—for five or six hours. I just tell Jesus all about my worries and turn them over to Him.'' '' Did you tell your doctors? '' I asked. " I told the best two of the bunch, and they both said there was nothing abnormal or mysterious about my experience. It was what they would expect. One of them, a great nerve specialist, declared that if all his patients would pray every night when they went to bed he would be a poorer man, for he would hear very little more from the victims of insomnia.'' ' This is only one illustration where thousands would serve. In half an hour just recently I was able to break a stubborn insomnia of over three months duration. The method lay in bringing, under certain quiescent conditions, the conflict raging in the depths of the mind up to the surface, and then in getting rid of the repressing emotion by opening the sluice gate of suggestion through which the love of God could sweep, cleansing, renewing, and refreshing in all the secret backwaters of the soul.

Jesus knew this secret so perfectly that often He would spend a whole night in lonely prayer upon a mountain, finding this way of recuperation of far greater value than sleep. St. Francis of Assisi could spend a night in prayer ' continually repeating '' My God, my God.'' and nothing more,' and then do his work without fatigue. We have not trained ourselves yet to draw to any great extent on this vast resource which is ours in prayer, but even to make a beginning would banish most of the unpleasant symptoms of our too frequent fatigue and bring to us a new health of soul.

Let me close with the actual words of a great specialist, Dr. Hyslop of Bethlem Mental Hospital, London—' As one whose life has been concerned with the suffering of the human mind, I believe that, of all the hygienic measures to counteract depression of spirits, and all the miserable results of a distracted mind, I would undoubtedly give first place to the simple habit of prayer.'

Go in peace therefore, and do not be tired to-morrow, for the resources are sufficient.

Chinese Nationalism and What it Means to Us

By E. F. P. SCHOLES

II.

THERE is no doubt that the prevailing Nationalist spirit has entered the Church and the demand has been loudly voiced that missionaries should back out and leave everything in Chinese hands.

The Chinese Church and Devolution of Control.

Ever since the last General Conference, held in Shanghai in 1922, the cry has been for what is called the 'Indigenous Church.' This phrase is etymologically inexact. What is meant is best expressed by the word 'ingenerate.' However the phrase was put forth by the missionaries at that time and taken up at once by the Chinese delegates who were there in equal numbers. It has rung in our ears ever since.

Our English Christianity is ingenerate. On the human side Churches come into existence on English initiative and the faith is self-propagating. Palestine is the only country in which it is indigenous. However, leaving philology aside, and turning to the problem in China, the ideal is that Churches there should be what they have come to be in England. Any one who compares the two ought surely to see that China has a long way to go before it can be what England has been for centuries. To be this the Church in China will have to be *self-supporting, self-propagating, and self-controlled.* It is none of these yet, but the Nationalist spirit, being what it is, is loudly demanding self-control. Many missionaries, mostly the younger ones, join in the cry. A more sober view is that self-control should go *pari passu* with the two other principles—self-support and self-propagation.

With regard to the *self-propagation* it has to be noted that the true evangelistic and missionary spirit is largely lacking. Where circuits have been put under Chinese superintendents, and where Chinese pastors and catechists are left for long together, unvisited by the missionary, the spirit of aggressiveness is seen to die out. There is no more opening of out-stations, and the preaching-hall where the pastor lives is no longer opened for daily or even weekly preaching to the heathen. The missionary, when he goes, takes Christian almanacs and tracts and sells them as he goes along the streets. The Chinese

catechist notoriously neglects this duty if left to himself, though he does it with all necessary vigour if the missionary is by his side. In other words the missionary has to be in at everything to make it go. He must never be long absent. If he is, the native worker will become discouraged and lethargic, and his round of duties will become attenuated and perfunctory. Yet very tactful influence and example still show that most Chinese workers can be encouraged to useful expenditure of time and effort.

With regard to *self-support,* this has been our objective from the first. Much has been done in the last thirty years. Chinese giving is on a larger scale than ever. Yet it has to be confessed that salaries have so much increased that the larger contributions are not very much greater proportionately than they used to be. No kind of native work pays for itself, except a small area in which our Chinese Missionary Society's contributions have been enough for carrying on the work of a small mission circuit. Taking the work as a whole, and leaving out the cost of the missionaries and the cost of buildings, it is seen that the fees of patients do not pay for the staff and upkeep of hospitals, that still less do fees of scholars pay for the teaching staff and upkeep of the schools, and in the evangelistic work least of all do the contributions of members pay the salaries of pastors, catechists and evangelists.

We now come to *self-control.* Whilst having cordial sympathy with Chinese aspirations in that direction we must not blind our eyes to the facts. We know for one thing that the Nationalist spirit, so strong now, and whose political significance has already claimed our attention, has to a great extent seized the Church. We know too that allowance must be made for the tight corner our Chinese Christians (especially their leaders) are in. They are marked men, and unless they can show that they are doing something to promote Nationalism by shaking off foreign control their very lives are in danger.

One of the evils that a Church controlled by Chinese would be up against is simony and nepotism.

The Question of Honesty.

Another objection arises with regard to honesty, which should be above suspicion in the case of office-bearers. An instance will illustrate our meaning. A European doctor, changing his station and wishing to help permanently the hospital he was leaving, left a sum of money to be put out at interest so that the interest would every year be sufficient to pay for a few poor

patients without coming on the funds of the hospital. He appointed four Chinese trustees, all of good standing in the Church, and went away. For a while no such case was helped because it was said the capital sum needed increasing. In China two per cent. a month is quite low interest. The money was lent out at this rate so that it could double itself every four years. Then it occurred to the trustees that it would be a fine thing if this could be the nucleus of a fund for a self-supporting Church. They had visions of no longer having to pay class-money or give to collections. So it came to pass when the writer came to be superintendent of the circuit and accidentally heard of the existence of this fund, it was already ten times as big as it had been to start with, and no one could tell of a single poor person having had free treatment in the hospital from it, which was the original purpose. Moreover, one of the four trustees was no longer a Church member, having been put out for bigamy. Also, much money had been lost through letting it get into the hands of relatives and friends of the trustees who could not, or would not, pay back either principal or interest. One use, too, that was made of the interest was to help pay for a Christmas feast for themselves and their friends. One was never able to do more than get them to help a few poor patients. The true state of the accounts was never disclosed. It was evident that the trustees still clung to the idea of some day using the money to support a pastor of their own choosing and then proclaim themselves an *independent Church.*

On the other hand there are instances of faithfulness and honesty which show that it is not hopeless to expect a self-governing Chinese Church some day. Shall we help it by saying as say some, ' Nationalism has come to stay : we've got to give in whether we like it or not ' ? The older missionaries mostly do not agree to this. They give three chief reasons to teach caution here.

Three Reasons for Caution.

(1) There is *past experience.* Whenever Chinese by themselves have had responsibility there has always been a gradual slackening of energy, followed by a perfunctory discharge of duties, ever getting fewer in number. A moribund state has ensued.

(2) It is not impossible to continue for a while longer the method of *mutual help.* Co-operation of Europeans and Chinese on committees with the gradual raising up of Chinese pastors and stewards as men are found worthy, has been the policy in

our own Mission for some years, and seemed to be succeeding until the present outbreak came and upset everything. It is fair to say that of late every preacher who was fit to be ordained has been ordained; and on inquiry it would appear that our standard has been lower than that of India or Ceylon. To have admitted men of still lower ability would have been a fatal mistake. Yet according to some missionaries this must be risked now. It is the same with regard to stewards. We regret that few laymen fit to be trusted with money, and who will do such work in the Church as our laymen do, are to be found. We are always on the look-out for them, and appoint them as soon as found. The fact remains that down to the present time, out of 5,400 members in our two Central China Districts there is not a Sunday-school superintendent and there is scarcely a Sunday-school teacher who is not in mission employ. Of all the circuit stewards they have ever had in the one self-supporting circuit all but two have been in mission employ. In local preachers we do better. Not a few farmers and tradesmen fill this honourable office. Still the majority are employed in our schools and hospitals and their salaries come from the Church at home.

As already said, we are improving in the matter of getting lay helpers of standing. The process has been slow, and is bound to be. We cannot do better than we were doing—work side by side, letting the Chinese take our place more and more as they become fit. At the rate we have been going it may be fifty years, perhaps even a hundred years, before the Chinese Church can safely be left to itself.

(3) Even if we were prepared to risk the laxity of discipline and lack of aggressive spirit that would surely result if the guiding European hand were removed the question may well be asked, *Would it be right to grant money* at the rate we have been doing without the missionaries as representatives of the Church at home having anything to do with the spending of it? If we were to do this we should be doing the Chinese Church of the future the greatest possible disservice. It would probably never become independent, but would always rely on the money sent out from England, and its own contributions would diminish rather than increase. So would the number of workers, for one of the first things done would be to increase salaries. If we left buildings in their hands the danger would be that Chinese trustees, unprotected by Treaty, would be powerless to retain them when seized by military officers as is the case temporarily now. Moreover, past experience shows that these buildings, if

held by the Chinese Church, would deteriorate for want of repairs. As funds were needed, parts of the premises would be let off so as to obtain rents to make up for deficiency of income through the proper channels. These are no idle fears but are based on actual experience. Duty to the generous donors in the homeland calls for wise consideration rather than sentimental idealism.

We are faced with the biggest problem we have ever had in a Mission Field that has never been without big problems. Whilst showing all reasonable sympathy with young China in its Nationalist aspirations we have to remember that we are entrusted with the deposit of Christian truth, the care of souls but recently launched into light, and the affairs of a Kingdom without frontier and without end. Dare we endanger any of these by yielding to a theory which might prove ruinous in its practical issue? Here, as in other parts of the world, the 'white man's burden' must be patiently borne a while longer. To relinquish the responsibility and commit it to hands not yet fit to bear it would be a most mistaken kindness and result in irrevocable ill to the Chinese Church and the Chinese nation.

Salvation

By G. ROBINSON MYERS

The sun is a blaze of glory,
  The sky is a flame of red,
The clouds are decked in misty sheen,
  But my heart lies broken and dead.

The moon is a precious opal
  Deep set in a bowl of blue;
But the leaves on the trees are dying,
  And my soul is dying too.

The midnight sky is a starless dome,
  The air is solemn and still.
Three crosses are standing, bare and rude
  On the summit of yonder hill.

The light of dawn is breaking,
  My heart is free from pain.
For He who died on the Calvary Cross
  Has loosed my bonds again.

God's sunlight now is golden,
  His sky is an azure blue,
And I laugh and sing with the children,
  For my heart is cleansed and true.

Christian Discipleship

By H. MALDWYN HUGHES, M.A., D.D.

VI. KEEPING THE HEART

IT is often said that man is the child of circumstance, that the issues of his life are determined by birth, education, fortune, and chance. These undoubtedly play an important part in the making of our career. But they do not play a dominant part. Destiny is shaped from within. The outward life is shaped by the inward life. It is therefore the inward life which demands our primary attention. As the ancient proverb puts it, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.' Someone, in our own day, has said, 'You are not what you think you are: but what you think, you are.'

Man is strangely made. Each one of us lives two lives. We live a life of outward action, which can be seen of all men. We follow certain pursuits, enter into relations with our fellows, discharge our obligations as parents or brothers or sisters or citizens, live in a certain house, indulge in various recreations, join this or that Church, identify ourselves with certain causes and run a course, the chief features of which are known to all our acquaintances. If we wish to discover these facts concerning the most eminent among us, they are accessible in books of reference. But these books do not tell us the essential things concerning those whose names are written within them. Each man lives another life, an inward life, which is hid from his fellows, and that is the life which matters. If all that is required in a biography were the mere record of outward facts, the task of the biographer would be very easy. But every one knows that special gifts are necessary for the writing of a great biography. The reason for this is that the writer must know how to lift the veil and show us the hero, not merely as he lived among his fellows, but as he lived in the unseen places of his being.

We all know what is meant by the inward life, and yet it is not altogether easy to describe. We dwell in a world of thought, and each one of us thinks his own thoughts. We meet a man in business. We hear what he is saying, but our course would be much simpler if we could know what he is thinking. A man's thoughts may ascend to heaven or descend to hell. They may be pure and lovely or they may be ugly and vile. In the secret places of his heart, a man may hatch base plots or conceive noble

purposes. Men may imprison our bodies, or place fetters on our speech, but they cannot fetter our thought. Thought is free, and there is no tyrant that can rob it of its freedom without its own consent. Epictetus was a slave, but his thoughts were his own and have become the possession of the ages. Thought is independent of circumstance. Marcus Aurelius was an emperor and a general. But affairs of state and warfare did not fill his life. While his soldiers were sunk in slumber, he sat down by the camp-fire and wrote down his thoughts. It is only as you look over his shoulder and read what he wrote, that you know the man as he really was.

Then, again, we dwell in a world of feeling. All manner of emotions and passions stir within us—love and hate, generosity and envy, gentleness and anger. We are so strangely made that we pass up and down the whole scale of emotions, from the base and unholy lusts of the flesh up to the sublimest inspirations of love and self-sacrifice. What do we know of the emotions pent up in one another's breasts? What do we know of the conflict of passions that is raging within the hearts of those around us?

And there is a mysterious force within us which we call the will. It is the power whereby we are enabled to impose ourselves on circumstance, to transform environment and to overcome obstacles. But the will is largely influenced by our thoughts and feelings, and what do we know of the fierce warfare of contending thoughts and passions for the capture of the will, that is going on in those around us. We see only the issue of the conflict as it is registered in action. We know nothing of the battle that has been lost or won out of sight.

And then there are those mysterious instincts, intuitions, and yearnings, so difficult to analyse, which are partly thought and partly feeling, and which tell us of our kinship with the Infinite. In the inmost place of man's personality there is a shrine. He may neglect it or he may try to forget it, but there are few men who do not, at some time or another, enter the secret place of their being and bow before that shrine with strong crying and tears. Outwardly man is chained to earth, but inwardly, in thought and feeling, he knows no bounds, and has his dwelling-place in the infinities and in the eternities. The inward life, in its highest ranges, is a life in God and for God and with God.

There is a sense in which the inward life is our real life. This outer world is but a shadow of the inner world. Our actions are but the reflections of our thoughts and feelings. When we look at this outer world with all its incessant struggles

and activities, we are not looking on the real drama; but at the shadows cast on the wall by the drama that is being enacted out of sight.

It follows then that the stream of the inner life must be guarded if its waters are to be pure, and if it is to increase in strength and volume. We must spare time for our souls. We must toil and struggle for them as we do for the acquisition of wealth or of knowledge. We must 'keep our hearts with all diligence.'

How is this to be done? First of all by self examination. We must find time to be alone with ourselves. The rush and hurry of life to-day are such that we are seldom alone, or, if we are alone, we are not alone with ourselves. The affairs of our daily life keep us company, and occupy our thoughts. We need time to turn our gaze inward. Without sinking into morbid introspection, it is possible for us to look at our inner life calmly and steadily and to ascertain the direction in which the stream is leading. 'It is my custom, every night,' wrote Seneca, 'to run over all the words and actions of the past day. I was a little too hot in such a dispute: my opinion might have been as well spared, for it gave offence and did no good at all.' If we were to subject ourselves to such a discipline the results would soon be manifest in our inward and then in our outward life.

And when we thus examine ourselves, let us not content ourselves with generalities, but let us condescend to particulars. Ruskin said, 'When you are examining yourself, never call yourself a sinner; that is very cheap and useless. Call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise any of these.' We shall only cast out our sins if we call them by their proper names.

But most important of all, if we are to guard the inward life, we must live the life of prayer. We must live in contact with the springs, so that the fresh waters may every day pour into the polluted and impoverished streams of our life. We need larger and more worthy views of prayer. To pray is not simply to ask for this or that; it is to live in fellowship with God. We often find prayer wearisome and unprofitable, because we so infrequently understand its nature. We can pray even though we be silent. To pray is to think God's thoughts after Him. It is to open our hearts to the divine love that we may love as God loves. It is to bring our will into harmony with God's will, so that we keep His commandments. To go through the business of the day in humble and quiet dependence on God, obedient to

the restraints and constraints of His Spirit, responsive to His inspirations, sensitive to His warnings and strengthened by His fellowship—that is to pray and it is to guard our hearts with all diligence.

Out of the heart are the issues of life. The outer life is the reflection of the inner life. Actions have their springs in thoughts and feelings. Emerson wrote, 'Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science, but its flank may be turned to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised or condemned. The hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization,' i.e. a new thought. We all know how the actions of men have been influenced for good by 'thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,' or for evil by thoughts that defile and corrode. The innermost history of our race is not to be found in the story of the rise and fall of empires and kingdoms and civilizations, but in the story of human thought. And the real history of every one of us is not that which is known to our fellows—the record of the outward events of our life—but that which is known to God—the record of the thoughts and intents of our hearts. Our smallest actions are determined by the thoughts and feelings which we cherish. Good thoughts uplift our lives to the high tablelands of goodness, truth, and beauty. Evil thoughts cast them down into the mires and swamps. The secret of the clean life is the clean heart. The pure in heart are not self-made men; they are Christ's workmanship. The Master Artist guides the brush of the pupil. The Master Sculptor guides unseen the mallet and chisel of the learner. Our poor blundering efforts are transfigured and glorified by the Master's guiding hand.

There are two things which remain to be done with regard to the Bible; it needs to be read, and it needs to be spread. It needs to be read. There was a cottage some years ago, with a hand loom on the ground floor and a hand loom upstairs. The old father worked the one downstairs. On a niche of his machine he had an open Bible, and as opportunity presented itself he read a few verses. His son worked the other loom, and on the corresponding niche had a newspaper. Is this a parable? If it is, this country we love is in the balances, and sooner or later will be found wanting. Let us return to the Old Book, not content to read about it, but reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting the Book itself.—Dr. Ritson.

Methodism in the Oxford District

By J. HENRY BODGENER

II. ITS RURAL PROBLEMS

AMONG the Bristol friends of John Wesley there was one named George Pocock. Though little is known about him, he must have been a very original and intriguing personality, well worthy of the attention bestowed upon him by our Founder. Pocock, we imagine to have been something of a character, at any rate he had a touch of real ingenuity and mechanical skill, of a kind that would have served him very profitably in these days. He is famous for the remarkable machine which he made, in some sort an anticipation of the aeroplane. This vehicle seems to have been a kind of trolley constructed to carry both his tent and himself and depending for its propulsion upon a number of paper kites fixed to this primitive carrier. Wherever the winds of God carried him, thither he went to preach the Gospel. Such a man deserves to have his memory preserved and as his grandson became England's greatest cricketer—Dr. W. G. Grace—Pocock is not likely to pass out of mind altogether.

George Pocock introduced Methodism to Hodson (between 1745-1800), a village in the Swindon circuit. He is described in Mr. Bert Bailey's handbook as the ' Paper Kite Preacher.'

We have not used his name at the beginning of this paper because he was the first itinerating gospel preacher in Oxfordshire. James J. Moore, in his *History of Nonconformity in Oxford,* gives the name of Mr. Bowers, not only as the first local preacher in Oxfordshire but in the Connexion. According to Moore's account, he began to preach in London, and in the year 1740 (before Wesley authorized this mode of preaching) is stated to have been marched along Cornmarket, Oxford, and locked up by the Beadle in the Bocardo, and subsequently released on the intercession of Charles Wesley. We cannot vouch for the accuracy of this.

Nor have we mentioned our ' Paper Kite Preacher ' to lead readers to expect similar romances: we have cited this case because it is suggestive of the growth and expansion of Methodism in this District through numbers of lovable and

unconventional people, driven hither and thither to preach the Gospel by the Spirit that bloweth where it listeth.

Early Methodism was a growth rather than an organization and it is impossible to trace its historical developments. Perhaps the best contribution that the writer can make is to leave some kind of impression of the activities of individuals who played a conspicuous part in its expansion and add some kind of statement of the peculiar characteristics of the District, its problems and opportunities.

Wesley's Visits to the District.

Wesley, as we have seen, had a genius for friendship and knew at a glance the value of a man. But great as he was, he could not always keep his friends in tune with his theological views. As early as 1739, the *Journal* refers to a visit to Reading, where he found ' a young man who had in some measure known the powers of the world to come.' This was John Cennick, author of the familiar grace and thanksgiving, ' Be present at our table, Lord,' and ' We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,' as also the fine hymn in our collection, ' Thou great Redeemer, dying Lamb.' When, however, the controversy upon doctrine arose between Wesley and Whitefield, Cennick sided with the latter. We must therefore look for the vital beginnings of Methodism in Reading to a later date, though a man inspired to write hymns could scarcely have lived without in some way preparing for the future. We shall return to Reading Methodism later.

After Wesley's first visit to Witney in 1741, his horse was stabled in that hospitable town at least once every year. He writes in his *Journal,* ' This is such a people as I have not seen: so remarkably diligent in business and at the same time so quiet a spirit and so calm and civil in their behaviour.' If any were predestined to make good Methodists it was the Witneans, at any rate they received Wesley's highest encomium, ' the congregation here, though of so late standing may be a pattern to all England.'

About five miles north of Witney lies the sequestered village of Finstock, visited by Wesley in 1775 and familiar to Methodists in this District, because of its connexions with the Bolton family. Finstock was one of the very few places where Wesley was tempted to put his feet upon the fender, for he writes, ' How gladly could I spend a few weeks in this delightful solitude.' When in this neighbourhood, he made his home with Mr. Edward Bolton and his sister Nancy. Once when reading and writing according to his usual custom, Bolton said: ' All is

silent, all retired and no busy multitudes intrude themselves.' With a little imagination we can hear the whimsical tones in the reply and see the twinkle in Wesley's eye: 'True, Neddy, but noisy thoughts may.'

Mr. Henry Bolton, the present occupant of the Manor Farm, Finstock, the scene of the above incident, is the great-grandson of Neddy or Teddy (as he was called by Wesley) Bolton. He is a local preacher and maintains the best traditions of Methodism. He informs us that Mr. Edward Bolton was very friendly with Wesley and sometimes accompanied him on his journeys. On one occasion, according to a family story, Wesley thought Mr. Bolton's hay had been neglected owing to his absence from the farm, and as some compensation for the loss gave him £5. It was in the kitchen of the Manor Farm that Wesley preached and there Methodism had its beginning in the village. Edward Bolton's son, also of the same Christian name, came back to Manor Farm and died there and was succeeded by his son, also named Edward, who lived and died there in his eighty-first year.

Nancy Bolton, the sister of the first Edward, was a frequent correspondent with Wesley. Mr. John Kibble, in his recently published book on Charlbury Manor, historical and other notes, inserts a letter of Wesley to Nancy Bolton, which has not been previously printed.

Epworth.
June 22, 1780.

My dear Nancy,

Your letters are always welcome to me, but none more welcome than your last. It gives me very much pleasure to hear, both that God has delivered you from torturing pain, and that He has established your soul in His pure Love and given you abiding witness of it. I doubt you have met many in the Oxford circuit whom you converse with on that subject. I believe the two that have the same deep experience are Hannah Ball (of High Wycombe) and Patty Chapman. I wish you could converse with them, either writing or speaking. I think each might be profited by the other. I have been a little uneasy since I saw you for fear you should want anything. If you conceal any difficulty you are under from me, you do not use me as your friend. Would not you give me all the pleasure you can. I cannot tell you how unspeakably near you are to,

my dear Nancy,

Yours most affectionately,

J. Wesley.

The reference to Hannah Ball is very interesting, for on the authority of our venerable and highly esteemed city missioner, Mr. Henry Clifford, we learn that Miss Hannah Ball established

a Sunday school in Wycombe in 1769, fifteen years before Robert Raikes' experiment in Gloucester had attracted public attention.

The Methodist society continued to worship in the same dwelling house at Finstock until the erection of a chapel in 1840, seating two hundred people.

Another of Mr. Henry Boltons' great-grandfathers was Joseph Shepherd of Northleigh. When only seventeen, owing to the sudden death of his father, he had to earn his own living. He started in the baking business, his sole capital being a sack of flour. Notwithstanding these limitations he prospered, and after he was converted through the instrumentality of a class leader, he was the means of introducing Methodism into Northleigh. He gave the land on which the first chapel was built, and his son Joseph, an equally loyal Methodist, presented the site on which the present chapel now stands.

No account of Oxfordshire Methodism would be complete without some reference to Squire Bush of Lambourn. Into this village of Lambourn, described by one of our ministers as 'a place surrounded by the hills and shut in by the heavens,' situated some five or six miles from Wantage, Methodism was introduced by an old local preacher, the first services being held in a cottage inhabited by an old woman named Betty Bowsher. The cottage was the scene of many remarkable conversions noticeable amongst which was that of Martin, a well-to-do man, much given to hunting and drinking. It was he who led Mr. Bush to a Methodist chapel and into the same joyous experience he had found for himself. Soon after, Thomas Bush was seen 'holding the preacher's horse in the public place,' a symbolic confession to the villagers that he was now on the preacher's side. Space does not allow us to follow the adventures of this apostolic man, but he was ceaseless in his activities for Methodism. He introduced a society into the quaint village of Childrey in the face of great persecution from the clergyman. Later, retiring from business, he gave himself and his money to the cause, becoming in spirit a travelling preacher. In the year 1820 he stood on White Horse Hill claiming the vale of The White Horse for his parish.

He writes, 'On White Horse Hill, I solemnly and inalienably made an entire surrender of body, soul, substance, time, influence, and talent of every kind to my Triune God, Father, Son, and Spirit, and I took that whole district as my special vineyard.' A year before this date Methodism had begun to hold isolated

services in Wantage, but a year later Bush made himself responsible for the support of a minister, and in 1822 provided the money for the building of a chapel. Swindon, as well as many other places, were indebted to Bush, either for money for the erection of new chapels, or the extinction of debt.

Methodism Enters Banbury.

The first seeds of Banbury Methodism were sown prior to 1791 by Mr. Wesley himself. Under date 1784 November 24, he writes of having preached in the Presbyterian meeting-house and says, ' never did I see a people who appeared more ready prepared for the Lord.' The first Banbury Methodist meeting-house was built in the year of John Wesley's death—1791—near the top of Calthorpe Lane, adjoining South Bar. In Banbury at the present time there is a magnificent set of premises at Marlborough Road, valued at upwards of £12,000 and a very fine chapel and school at Grimsbury. There are thriving village causes and the three manses, commodious and pleasantly situated in Banbury, the gift of the late Mr. William Mewburn of Wykham Park, are probably as fine as anything in the Connexion. In addition to Mr. William Mewburn, notable persons connected with the circuit were Sir R. W. Perks, Alderman Richard Edmunds, who for many years occupied a prominent position in the civic life of the town, and was a very popular local preacher for more than fifty years, and Alderman William Edmunds, who was also a councillor and alderman of the town and County Councillor for Oxfordshire. He was for more than fifty years the superintendent of the Marlborough Road Sunday school.

In the old days when long journeys had to be made in this wide country circuit, a local preacher was returning home when he was met by a highwayman who demanded his money. Having neither silver nor gold, he was compelled to part with his coat. It was a bitterly cold night and the local preacher begged for the old tattered garment of the robber. With this over his shoulders he turned home. Before, however, he had gone far, he heard footsteps behind him, and concealing himself from view, he waited whilst the highwayman passed and repassed and then, feeling that the course was clear resumed his journey. On examining the old red and blue reversible coat before putting it away, he found a five pound note in the pocket and with this he bought himself a new coat. A case of spoiling the Egyptians.

A glance at the large scale map of the Oxford District will show a wide and comparatively sparsely populated region, with

here and there a city and town where industry has found a pocket.

Reference has been made in this article to Witney Methodism. The best traditions are well maintained in this bright and enterprising township where the blanket industry is more vigorous than ever, and through the generosity of devoted laymen of the town, the work in the villages round about is admirably sustained.

In and around Swindon, where the ' Paper Kite Preacher ' introduced Methodism about 170 years ago, there is plenty of vitality. The present Swindon circuit has twenty-five places, extending into Gloucester (Lechlade) and Berkshire (Shrivenham) as well as taking in the north part of Wiltshire. Some fifty years ago there was an aggressive spirit throughout the neighbourhood, chapels were built and re-built and school premises erected. The climax of the building effort was twenty years ago, when to meet the opportunities for evangelical work amongst the employees of the Great Western Railway works, the Central Mission Hall and the Sunday school and Institute for Wesley were completed.

Reading, like Swindon, is another industrial town of great strategic importance. We have referred to the early beginnings of Methodism in the biscuit town, but for years the cause languished and it was not until about 1811 that Methodism began to show signs of any movement. Even then, it crept slowly along under the burden of increasing debt, but various efforts reduced this incubus, and in the jubilee year, the Society took a new lease of life and its history was of a brighter character. In 1903 Methodism in Reading was revolutionized and galvanized into new life. The Rev. Owen Watkins, assisted and inspired by Mr. Thomas May and other gentlemen, determined upon the bold policy of building, within five years, three modern mission halls in West, East and South Reading respectively, and new churches in the growing suburbs of Caversham Heights and Tilehurst. The scheme involved an expenditure of £25,000, and Mr. Thomas May remained secretary until all the debts were cleared.

In these industrial districts there are no greater problems than those that confront Methodist churches everywhere, but concerning the rest of the District the same cannot be said.

Leaving out of account Oxford, Witney, Swindon, Reading, and Banbury, it will be seen that Methodism in the District is a huge net-work of small towns, villages, and hamlets.

The meshes of the net are very wide: the distances between the different places is often very great. Most of the people in these spots have to depend on the peaceable but very poorly paid industry of agriculture.

Fighting for a Position.

It is worth while considering the problems that are presented here. If the people are no longer squire and parson ridden, this is because some stout defender of Nonconformity rose up against the tyrannies in the past. There is a notable example of this in 1857 when the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, the superintendent of the Oxford circuit, stood up to the Duke of Marlborough. A revival of Methodism in the villages at that time was the stone of offence, and the Duchess, who was in the habit of presenting gifts and prizes to the children of the National schools in Blenheim Park, gave out that only children of the Established Church would receive rewards. Those actually eligible for prizes had to witness their beaten competitors carrying away the awards. When the Duke took no notice of the Rev. Benjamin Gregory's protest, that minister threatened to make the whole case public. As a result an apology was forthcoming, and a more tolerant attitude to Nonconformists adopted.

The trouble with the squire and his relations may not be a very pressing one now, though cases of individual injustice no doubt still exist. The difficulty is of another order to-day. This consists not only in the need for qualified preachers to fill country pulpits but the provision of suitable workers who can bring to their spirituality, the gifts of vision, and real insight into the lives, not only of the congregations now found in village chapels, but those who might be attracted, were they approached intelligently and sympathetically. It is not yet sufficiently realized that the present generation of youth often live in an entirely different world to that of many well meaning people who are put in charge over them. Even in what are regarded as benighted villages, numbers of boys and girls are attending Technical, Secondary, and Grammar schools. It does not require a very vivid imagination to surmise what idea these bright young spirits have of Methodism when just any one is sent to fill the pulpit simply because of the dearth of fully qualified local preachers. Our local preachers continue to render heroic service, but in addition to their fidelity, what is needed in nearly every place is someone gifted and devoted enough to place their accomplishments at the service of the people, young and old.

He would need to bring to a knowledge of the conditions and psychology of village life, a reforming zeal informed by the spirit of patience, dogged perseverance and unfailing tact. Here is a field open for real Christian adventure and heroism.

Until recently, the District had the great advantage of having as its chairman and director, the Rev. Grainger Hargreaves. For eighteen years he spent himself day and night in the interests of Methodism in Oxfordshire. The erection of the Grainger Hargreaves Memorial Church at Bicester last year was simply an outward expression of the monument raised to his memory in the hearts of all who knew him intimately. As a result of his long and wide experience and the spirit of friendliness and benevolence that flowed from him, he came to be regarded (in the whole District) before he died, as a venerable spiritual father in God.

In 1912 he set on foot a scheme for the liquidation of all the debts on the trusts in the District—£28 000, and received magnificent responses. The financial situation was thereby greatly relieved, but the burden of debt still presses heavily upon our present chairman, the Rev. Ernest D. Green. He, we know, feels very strongly that the situation of countryside Methodism cannot be tinkered with, nor be met by simply soldering money leakages from present methods of working. The requirements of village life have more entirely changed since the war from those of either town or city, and call for a fresh orientation of the whole subject of religious and social life, a deliberate and carefully thought out policy and the courage to apply, where necessary entirely new methods of work. But there is little encouragement to move in this direction unless such policy is substantially endowed from resources at the present moment not available. What is required is that a number of wealthy and generously disposed persons should take upon their consciences and purses the whole question of rural Methodism as Thomas Bush did in the whole of the Valley of the White Horse. The really desperate and urgent needs of this wide area call for the immediate application of a large and liberal policy before it is too late.

Amusements in the Church are well enough if they are a part of the fellowship of the Church, but not if they are used to attract the outsider. They give him a wrong conception of what it means to be a friend of Jesus. He takes all the Church 'gives,' and asks what more you are prepared to do to keep him. If we made the threshold higher—and Jesus made it very high—men would think it more worth while to join.—Leslie D. Weatherhead.

Great Captains

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

A Great Military Critic.

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART, son of the Rev. H. Bramley Hart, has won for himself a high reputation as a critical student of war and its world-famed generals. His *Scipio Africanus* was ' generally acclaimed for its rare union of historical knowledge and critical vision '; his *Great Captains Unveiled* published by Blackwood and Sons, contains illuminating studies of Jenghiz Khan and Sabutai; Marshall De Saxe; Gustavus Adolphus; Wallenstein and General Wolfe. *Reputations*: *Ten Years After* moves among the scenes of the Great War with the same insight and mastery as the earlier studies and has formed an outstanding feature in recent numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*. We hope that war is at last seen in its true light and that the world is shaking itself free from its horrors, but that adds to the interest of a Gallery of Portraits of which we hope never to see the like again.

The Founder of the Mongol Empire.

Jenghiz Khan and his great general Sabutai are two amazing yet almost unknown figures. The Mongol Empire was ' the greatest land power the world has known, the bounds of which make the empires of Rome and Alexander appear almost insignificant in comparison.' After the founder's death, Sabutai carried the Mongol menace into the heart of Europe, and shook the fabric of its civilization. Captain Hart holds that the strategetical ability of these two leaders is only matched by that of Napoleon. Jenghiz Khan was born in a tent on the bank of the river Onon in 1162 A.D. and succeeded his father at the age of thirteen. A number of the tribes sought to break away from the boy's rule but he was able to establish his power and gradually extended it over the whole of the Mongolian steppes, which were divided from India by Tibet and had comparatively easy access to China on the East and Western Turkestan and Russia on the West. In 1206 at the age of forty-four he took the name Jenghiz Khan of which the most probable meaning is ' perfect warrior.' Seven years later he overran the Kin Empire in China. He then turned westward against the Shah, who ruled what we know as Turkestan, Persia and Northern India.

The Secret of their Success.

The quality of his army was the secret of its success. Jenghiz

had grasped the essentials of strategy and his tactical mechanism was perfect. To a supreme degree the Mongols had attained that ' intellectual discipline ' preached by Marshal Foch. When their plan was decided, the subordinate generals carried out the actual operations without interference and with only the rarest communication with the supreme command. The strongest unit was the touman, composed of 10,000 men divided into regiments of 1,000, each of which had ten squadrons composed of ten troops of ten men. The soldiers wore armour made of four overlapping tanned hides which were lacquered to prevent humidity. ' Every trooper carried a complete set of tools, individual camp-kettle and iron ration, for his own maintenance and subsistence in the field. He had also a water-tight bag in which he carried a change of clothes, and which could be inflated for crossing rivers.' In battle the army formed five lines. The first two wore complete armour, the rear ranks had no armour but used the bow and javelin. A wonderful spy system combined propaganda among the enemy with information for the supreme command. The Mongol victories are now seen to have been due not to overwhelming superiority of numbers but to their tactical and strategic superiority. In five months the Karismian army of 200,000 men was wiped out and the gateway opened towards Russia and Europe.

The Mongol Empire.

The Shah retreated across the Indus and in 1221, Jenghiz sent an expedition to Delhi and took nominal possession of the country which his successors were to hold. His last years were spent in consolidating his empire which stretched from Korea to the Persian Gulf. Complete religious toleration was granted and Christians, Pagans, Mohammedans and Buddhists were among the Khan's counsellors. His death in 1227 was followed by struggles over the succession, but eventually Sabutai was at liberty to carry out his plan for the invasion of the West. Central Russia was subdued as far as Moscow by 1239; then Hungary was conquered. When old age came on Sabutai retired to his tent on the Northern steppes. He had conquered thirty-two nations and won sixty-five pitched battles. Captain Hart attributes the Mongol success to superior general mobility allied with hitting power which is ' a more secure tool than the mere loco-mobility and defensive power of an army based on infantry.'

The Military Prophet.

Marshal Saxe lives not only in his deeds but in his words. His writings have a perennial freshness and appeal to the

modern spirit of scientific inquiry. He was the natural son of Augustus II of Saxony and was made Marshal of France for his night surprise and capture of Prague, the one redeeming feature of the unsuccessful invasion of Austria in the War of Succession which opened in 1741. His victory at Fontenoy was followed by an unbroken series of successes until Turenne's title Marshal-General of the King's camps and armies was revived for him. Two years later he died of a putrid fever. George Sand was one of his descendants. His *Reveries on the Art of War* were published seven years after his death. He was persuaded that large armies lost their advantage in point of numbers through their extraordinary incumbrances, the diversity of operations under different commanders, the deficiency of provisions and many other disadvantages. He saw, like Napoleon, that rapidity of movement, ease of manoeuvre, and efficient supply were the primary conditions. An army of some 46,000, commanded by a general of parts and experience, would be able to make head against one of a hundred thousand, ' for multitudes serve only to perplex and embarrass.' He was at a loss to know why armour had been laid aside, a feeling which appeals to those who partly realized in the Great War ' the folly of pitting flesh and blood against machine-guns and of exposing cloth-covered heads to shrapnel bullets and splinters.' The steel helmet and the tank showed that Marshal Saxe's view had at last taken practical shape. He was much concerned by the decline in the French birth-rate, but his suggestion that the problem should be solved by limited marriages struck at the root of society and showed that he was ' a greater general than he was a civilian.'

The Swedish Hero.

Gustavus Adolphus was the champion of Protestantism and became ' The Founder of Modern Warfare ' by adapting it to the new conditions brought about by firearms. He was born in 1594 and served his novitiate in struggles with Denmark and Poland. When all Germay groaned under the tyranny of the Emperor and the Edict of Restitution in 1629 tore away in the most ruthless manner from the Protestants all the bishoprics, churches, and church property acquired since 1552, Richelieu was able to secure Gustavus as an ally. The king himself realized the danger to Sweden of an Imperial hold on the Baltic. His army landed in Germany on July 4, 1630. Wallenstein had just been dismissed from his command at the instigation of the German Catholic princes, who resented his arrogance and power.

This enabled Gustavus to consolidate his position and widen his base. He was tall and well built, with ruddy complexion, blue eyes and bright yellow hair. Frank and generous, he bore himself with marked courtesy and dignity, though occasionally he was subject to fierce gusts of temper. He was genial and easy of access and had a personal magnetism joined to acts of spontaneous kindness. These qualities won the admiration of his troops whilst his humane conduct of war compelled the respect of the bitterest foes—such was the ' Lion of the North.'

His Methods.

Gustavus laid supreme emphasis on information, intercommunication, and co-operation. He was the first to develop the modern standing army systematically and to build up a true regular army and national military organization. That entitles him to be called the father of the present European system of conscription. Early in 1630 he had an army of 76,000 of whom 43,000 were Swedes. In his third campaign 10,000 soldiers were British, mainly Scots. Discipline, unique for the times and the magnetic leadership of Gustavus, welded this varied company into a homogeneous instrument of war. The king greatly improved the firearms. He also broke up the unwieldy squares and arranged his infantry only six deep with intervals between the files.

By the end of 1630 Gustavus was master of almost the whole of Pomerania and had penetrated into Mecklenburg. Next year he routed Tilly's army at Leipzig. In 1632 Tilly was defeated and mortally wounded and all the places south of the Danube opened their gates to Gustavus without resistance. Tilly's death made the Imperialists call back Wallenstein. The armies met at Lützen, and though the Swedes were victorious, Gustavus fell and the Thirty Years' War dragged on for another sixteen years with France leading the combination against the Empire. The motives which inspired Gustavus were perhaps the noblest and purest of any of the Great Captains and his unimpassioned and humane conduct shines ' like a solitary beacon amid the dark deeds and hideous ravages of the Thirty Years' War that left Germany a desert.'

Wallenstein.

The great figure of Wallenstein is enshrined for all time in Schiller's verse. He rose to a power only surpassed in modern history by that of Napoleon. Tall, spare, sallow, with small but penetrating eyes and a cold, stern, even repulsive earnestness, only his boundless profusion and liberality kept a

trembling crowd around him. He was born in Bohemia in 1583 of Protestant parents, who were far from wealthy or highly placed. They died before he had reached his teens. He entered the Imperial army and saved its forces from destruction at the hands of Bethlen Gabor who sought to win the Hungarian throne. For this he was created Duke of Friedland with the right to strike coin and issue patents of nobility. For the next two years he proved himself a model ruler and landowner. He encouraged industry and farming, established schools broadcast, and granted his Moravian subjects extensive rights and privileges. When the second act of the Thirty Years' War opened he raised an army of 50,000 men in support of the Emperor Ferdinand. He showed a rare grasp of the value of sea-power and realized ' that victorious fleets quadruple the strength of armies, that force in war is "mass multiplied by speed," and that sea-mobility is the key to concentration at a vulnerable point to gain a vital point.' The completeness of his triumph as a general made his enemies feel safe enough to clamour for his removal and the man who was at the head of an army of 100,000 was dismissed by the Emperor. When Gustavus Adolphus was marching from victory to victory, Wallenstein had to be recalled and soon had an army of 40,000 men, raised and equipped largely at his own expense. He demanded terms which made him the power above the throne and after the death of Gustavus set himself to bring about German unity. His spirit of peace and religious toleration inflamed the hatred of his enemies at Vienna, and in February 1634 he was brutally murdered by officers acting under instructions from the Emperor who declared him an outlaw to be taken ' dead or alive.'

The Conqueror of Quebec.

The last of the five captains is Wolfe. He shot above the horizon in 1758, and a year later he died at the age of thirty-two. The close of his career was really the beginning of his achievement, ' for his place in the roll of history is linked with that of the British Empire and enlarges with the growth of the Dominion of Canada—nay, even with that of the United States. For as he founded the one, so he made possible the other.' None of the five studies makes such an appeal as this. Wolfe was wrapped up in his profession and realized the soldier's need of constancy of temper, patience, and all the virtues necessary to make him suffer with a good grace. ' Potentially he was among the greatest ' of the Great Captains, ' and as a man had proved among the first.'

Life from a Manse Window

By HILARY HOPE

VI. MORE QUAINT FOLK OF METHODISM

MY memories of quaint Methody folk would be incomplete without our old servant Ann. She, greatly daring, left her ' native,' as she called it, and went with us to the new circuit. But she affected a fine disdain of everything there, whilst everything in our last circuit was extolled to the skies.

After our first harvest festival she amused me by her scathing remarks on the vegetables. ' Marrers! miss! marrers! Little skinty bits o' things that 'ud be ashamed to look our marrers down 'ome in the face! '

Of course the gothic church in the new circuit didn't meet with her approval. ' 'Tain't 'omely miss—them pointed winders. I likes a good oldfeshioned sash one. Fancy no gallery! Well, not so to say a gallery. Not like ours at 'ome all round, and choir settin' up behind the preacher. Somethin' to see when you went to chapel *there*. But here—choir side on downstairs and not a squint can yo' get o' organist.'

' I expect you do find it a little tame with only the preacher to look at, Ann,' I said wickedly.

She summed it all up with, ' My, they do 'aves queer ways here! '

She set great store by what she called ' simple gorspil sermons.' ' Miss, let us 'ave the simple gorspil and I h'ask for nothink else; but them new-fangled notions, miss, I can't abide.' Such remarks she generally emphasized by clattering the circuit crockery till I trembled for its safety, or by poking the kitchen fire as if she had the preacher of the sermon in the grate.

On Monday evening, as we sprinkled and folded down the washing, Ann and I discussed the merits and demerits of the sermons of the previous day. We had had one Sunday a sermon on ' The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handywork.' Now Ann fancied herself as an astronomer, so this sermon had pleased her mightily.

' Of course, miss,' she said, ' I wouldn't presume to understand it all, I 'ope I know my place better, but I couldn't 'elp wishin' Mr. Brown had talked about Saturn.'

' Why Saturn especially, Ann? '

' Why, miss,' she said, sinking her voice to a sepulchral

whisper, ' I've read that Saturn is girt and doubly girt wi' bands and is probably the abode o' demons.'

Nothing I said could rid her mind of this extremely questionable statement. ' Well, miss, I dunno I'm sure, but sometimes I do sit and think and think about these 'ere things, until I feel I'm going into o-bly-vion,' she said waving her hands towards the ceiling.

One day Ann seemed in a particularly quiet mood. She was ironing with less gusto than usual and seemed absent-minded. I thought something was the matter, but went on peeling apples for a pudding, and waited patiently until she felt ready to unburden the secrets of her heart.

' I saw Mr. Green 'ad some nice lookin' butter, miss, last night,' she began.

' I don't think we shall do better than Mr. Scanlan's, Ann; besides, he's a Methodist, and we always try to deal with people who come to the chapel if we *can*, you know.'

' Humph.'

' Why, what's the matter with it? ' I asked.

' Oh, nothing's the matter with the *butter* as *I* knows on. It's that daft Scanlan *I'm* thinking of. But there, least said, soonest mended,' and she plopped the iron down on the stove with a clatter.

Now if there is a sentence likely to create curiosity in the female mind, it is that pious sounding remark.

She ironed for awhile in a silence only broken by the soft swish of the iron on the circuit table-cloth, and the clank as she thumped the iron on the stand.

' Men are queer,' she broke out at last.

' Are they, Ann? ' I asked with an innocent look.

' Talk about gumption—but there, what's the good o' talkin'? '

Silence reigned.

At last, when the cloth was hung up on the ' horse ' to air and she had taken out a pile of handkerchiefs from the basket she began once more.

' You'd never guess what that man says to me last night, miss,' she said, bending over the table and patting and arranging one of the super's hankies with unusual care.

' What was it? ' I said, hoping at last to get at the mystery.

' I thought I should never be shut o' that man,' (a favourite remark of hers when she had been enjoying a prolonged chat with the butcher, baker, and grocer).

' What was it that was so interesting, Ann? '

'Oh! he was humming and ha-ing, miss—you know the way—leastways I 'spect you will know some day. At last he says foolish-like, "Was you thinkin' o' gettin' settled, miss?"

'I guessed what he meant 'cos he looked so daft; so I says pretty sharp, "Oh yes I am." He looked a bit flummoxed like and went slouchin' off down path.'

'But, Ann,' I said, 'you're not engaged to be married, or walking out, are you?'

'Not me, miss. But I wasn't goin' to let on to 'im as I wasn't, and o' course I'm *thinkin'* of it.'

'I see.'

'Presently back he comes again, lookin' a poor ha-porth o' cheese as per usual, and he splutters out, "Would 'ee, will 'ee, well, shall us walk out come Sunday and 'ave a bit of a tell to each other."

'"No thanks, much obliged *all* the same," I says, tryin' to be perlite.

'"But doan't 'ee like I?" says he.

'"Sorry, but can't say as I do," I says quick-like, wantin' to be shut o' the man, but he wasn't downded so easy.

'"Well—*try* I vor a month and zee if 'ee can't *get* to like I."

'"Tidn't no manner o' use," I says and shuts back door and then I comes in 'ere, miss, and lawks, I didn't know whether I was on me 'ead or me 'eels. I were that mixy muddled up to think I'd 'ad what you might call a proposal, I didn't know whether to bust out larfin' or throw me apron over me 'ead and 'ave a good cry.'

So it really came to this. Ann wanted us to change our grocer—a Methodist grocer, too—because of the delicate situation involved in his frequent visits to the back door. What would the flock have thought? For we couldn't reveal the tender story.

This tale brings back another memory.

Country weddings sometimes added to our store of yarns.

One day an old farmer from a village several miles away drove up to our manse and lowered himself carefully from his cart. He had evidently prepared his speech on the way, for without any preamble or bashful beating about the bush he began, 'Marnin', Super. I wants ter git married. My 'Ouse-keeper. A widdy. Med zo well. When can 'ee do us?'

When all was fixed up he came back from the gate to inquire anxiously, 'Us shan't want bridesmaids nor nothink o' that, shall us?'[2]

Father assured him it would be quite all right without, but that he'd better bring a witness, and he would get the chapel keeper to act as the other.

It was in the early days of 'the authorized person' registered to conduct marriages without the presence of the registrar. When the old bridegroom, his meek-looking, not to say dejected bride and her ancient friend were seated by the vestry fire after the ceremony, he gazed askance at the rather formidable array of papers to be filled in, and asked anxiously, 'Yer won't be long, will 'ee, 'cause I want ter go up to beast market and 'ave a look at the beasts, look zee.'

Father told him he must remember he didn't get married every day; but this wasn't much consolation apparently for he kept shuffling his feet and glancing sideways at father and heaving huge sighs of impatience.

Apparently after that the pangs of hunger had to be appeased before he could devote himself heart and soul to the beasts. Later on we saw the bridal party, he a few paces ahead and the bride and her friend toddling along behind, on their way to the beast market. We supposed that diversion was instead of a honeymoon.

An old Methody bachelor we knew was extremely fussy about everything being well aired before he used it. We wondered he did not take his pew cushion home with him every Sunday evening in case it accumulated any damp during the week. His housekeeper told us she thought she had reached the climax when he brought her a perfectly new umbrella and said, 'Will you see that this is opened and aired before the fire? I should like it to be well aired before I use it!'

Men are idolators to a greater extent than they realize. Nowadays graven images are not set up for purposes of worship; but far too much attention is paid to things and far too little attention is given to persons. There is nothing wrong in gold, silver, and precious stones, in costly apparel or in expensive food. They are only things, after all; and a thing has no moral significance one way or the other. But when they become objects of passionate desire, and are pursued with an interest and zeal disproportionate to their function, they become idols. The material ceases to have any true value when it is no longer the servant of the spiritual. When the culture of the mind and the discipline of the soul are subordinate to the acquisition of 'possessions,' then inevitably idolatry results. And the consequences of idolatry are always the same. Men quarrel with one another for the acquisition of things; they forget God, or behave as though He does not matter; and, finally, with the belittling of God comes the dimming of the vision, the deflection of the aim, and the breach of unity.—*Moses and Jesus.*

A Psalm that has made Heroes

By ALBERT J. FARNSWORTH

A safe stronghold our God is still,
  A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
  That hath us now o'ertaken.
    The ancient prince of hell
    Hath risen with purpose fell;
    Strong mail of craft and power
    He weareth in this hour;
  On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
  Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
  Whom God Himself hath bidden.
    Ask ye, Who is this same?
    Christ Jesus is His name,
    The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
    He, and no other one,
  Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
  And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
  Not they can overpower us.
    And let the prince of ill
    Look grim as e'er he will,
    He harms us not a whit:
    For why? His doom is writ;
  A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
  One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
  'Tis written by His finger.
    And though they take our life,
    Goods, honour, children, wife,
    Yet is their profit small:
    These things shall vanish all;
  The city of God remaineth.

Luther, translated by Thomas Carlyle.

VI.

THE LORD PROTECTOR.

ENGLISH history and English warriors have, like others, been influenced by the famous Lutheran hymn. It has wrought for God in this land as elsewhere, and the Psalm upon which it is based has been a great power. Here a few instances will suffice for example.

On September 17, 1656, there took place at Westminster an event unique in the history of our land. Not that it was remarkable for pomp and grandeur. There have been undoubtedly many occasions of State and ceremony when purple and scarlet and gold have mingled with bright jewels, shining armour, and nodding plumes to make an array of gorgeousness far surpassing it in splendour. Yet there were many richly clothed that day as they walked in procession from Whitehall to sit in England's famous Abbey Church. Nevertheless the majority there were Puritans, simple in their beliefs, plain in their manners, and often rude in their speech, with no love for the fripperies and vanities of this world, but, men of God, desiring above all things that they might honour Him.

Thus the rulers of the land were gathered together, rulers of such sort as the land had not long had the joy of possessing. To the Church they came, men of great purpose, for the most part serious and devout, met together to worship and to give God thanks. Sitting as chief among them was one who had been born into the household of a provincial yeoman in the Fen country of East Anglia. Among the low-lying pastures there he had lived till past forty without being known to the world at large. Of his early life little is even now known. What there is Thomas Carlyle has put into a characteristic portrait. His life ' as a sober industrious Farmer, is it not altogether as that of a true and devout man? He has renounced the world and its ways; *its* prizes are not the thing that can enrich him. He tills the earth; he reads his Bible; daily assembles his servants round him to worship God. He comforts persecuted ministers, is fond of preachers; nay, can himself preach—exhorts his neighbours to be wise, to redeem the time. In all this what "hypocrisy," "ambition," "cant," or other falsity? The man's hopes, I do believe, were fixed on the other Higher world; his aim to get well *thither,* by walking well through his humble course in *this* world. He courts no notice: what could notice here do for him? '

But how much and how great things he had passed through since those days of farming and exhorting in Huntingdon and Ely! There had been a whole lifeful of labours and struggles, prayers and mercies. He had come away from the obscurity, new times demanding new manners and new men. He had thrown the weight of a strong devout personality into the strife which a foolish and perverse king had forced upon the country. For the nation and for God he had spent what fortune he had in training and equipping his liberty-loving neighbours to fight. These, though poor and rustic, were all, like himself, men of religion and honour. Through him they became a military power which changed again all men's conceptions of warfare. Cromwell's Ironsides they were called; and from Marston Moor to Dunbar and the 'crowning mercy' of Worcester he had led them from victory to victory.

Oliver Cromwell it was who, as chief in the land, styled the Lord Protector by the people who had chosen him for their head, sat and worshipped with his friends. He was about to open the second Parliament of his Protectorate. In the Abbey Church 'all in due state were assembled.' Dr. Owen, Vice-Chancellor of the University at Oxford, was the preacher, and his text was those words which were declared to be old and yet always new and true: 'What shall one then answer to the messengers of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion and the poor of His people shall trust in it.'

The service ended. The procession re-formed, 'still in due state'—the gorgeous dress of officials mingling again with the hodden grey of many a Puritan counsellor. Thus they marched back again under a burning sun to Whitehall. There in the Painted Chamber the Protector took his place before a crowded assembly, and spake to them words of counsel and of grace. He began by declaring that he would speak things, not mere words, which things were 'the glory of God and His peculiar interest in the world.' Continuing, he dealt with the character and the well-being of the nation. Telling first of the enemies and distresses of the land, he next dwelt upon the thoughts of security and reformation. How earnestly he bade them in the building up of their country to set the divine ideal always before them! His closing words were spoken in a deep sonorous bass voice amid intense silence. Then he prolonged his discourse with a peroration, added for the purpose of commending the Eighty-fifth Psalm, which he wished might be written in their hearts. That the blessings there prophesied might be the possession of

this land, he besought his hearers in the name of God to set their hearts to the work.

'And,' he said in conclusion, 'if you set your hearts to it, then you will sing Luther's Psalm. That is a rare Psalm for a Christian!—and if he set his heart open, and can approve it to God, we *shall* hear him say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." If Pope and Spaniard, and Devil and all, set themselves against us—though they should "compass us like bees," as it is in the Hundred-and-eighteenth Psalm—yet in the name of the Lord we should destroy them! And, as it is in this Psalm of Luther's: "We will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the middle of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved." Then it repeats two or three times, "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." I have done. All I have to say is, To pray God that He may bless you with His presence; that He who hath your hearts and mine would show His presence in the midst of us.'

Someone has said of the particular oration from which the above quotation is taken, 'No Royal Speech like this was ever delivered elsewhere in the world! It is—with all its prudence, and it is very prudent, sagacious, courteous, right royal in spirit—perhaps the most artless transparent piece of Public Speaking this Editor has ever studied. Rude, massive, genuine; like a block of unbeaten gold. A Speech not so fit for Drury Lane, as for Valhalla, and the Sanhedrim of the Gods. . . . We shall not again hear a Supreme Governor talk in this strain. . . . But the spirit of it is a thing that should never have grown obsolete. . . . There has not been a Supreme Governor worth the meal upon his periwig, in comparison—since this spirit fell obsolete.'[1]

A little less than two years from this event, and this faithful warrior, comforting himself in death with holy expressions, fought the last great fight. 'He died, this Hero Oliver, in Resignation to God; as the Brave have all done.'

Cromwell's commendation of the Forty-sixth Psalm must have fallen on ears that welcomed it. It was probably as well known to most who there listened to him as to the Lord Protector himself. Eleven years before, there had been fought the Battle

[1] See Carlyle's *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, iii. 196.

of Naseby. Fairfax was then in chief command and had chosen as his watchword for the day the confident cry ' God is our strength.' On the brow of the hill known as Broad Moor the battle was joined. For three hours the fight raged. Then, mainly in consequence of the charges of the troops commanded by Cromwell, the Royalist forces broke and the king fled, leaving his baggage behind.

Five days later (June 19, 1645) a thanksgiving service was held in Grey Friars' Church in the City of London to celebrate the victory. Both Houses of Parliament attended, as it was realized that such a victory at such a time was decisive in the struggle for power. After the service they proceeded to the Grocers' Hall, Poultry, where they dined together. Before they separated they sang their favourite psalm, ' God is our refuge and strength.'

Not alone on the Parliamentarian side of that great struggle was the Psalm highly appreciated. Cavaliers as well as Roundheads knew the Psalms, though but few allowed them the same place in their lives. The Forty-sixth Psalm undoubtedly was then, as at other times, very widely known. So, on the king's side of the strife one incident may be recorded which can be claimed to have some connexion with it.

That was the gallant defence of Wardour Castle in Wiltshire by the brave Lady Blanche Arundell of Wardour. The daughter of Edward, Earl of Worcester, she had married the second Lord Arundell of Wardour. She was about sixty years of age when Sir Edward Hungerford and Colonel Strode appeared with thirteen hundred men before the gate and summoned her to surrender. That was on Tuesday, May 2, 1643. Her husband was at Oxford, dying of wounds received in fighting for the king. She had but twenty-five men about the place, but she replied to the summons by saying that she had a command from her lord to keep it and his command she would obey. Thereupon the siege began, and the battery of the besiegers played on the castle night and day. Within, the maidservants were called upon to load the muskets of the defenders who became enfeebled through loss of sleep. So, until the Wednesday of the following week, the unequal strife went on.

The end came when two mines were sprung beneath the fortress. Lady Arundell obtained honourable terms ere she capitulated. The lives of all were to be spared and all plunder was to be forbidden. Sad to relate, the latter part of the agreement was shamefully broken, damage estimated at £100,000

being done. The castle was occupied for Parliament by Ludlow, who lost it the next year to Lady Arundell's son after a six month's siege, when the building was demolished.

Lady Arundell was almost destitute when she left the castle, and she had to depend upon the charity of friends. Six and a half years later she died at Winchester. She was buried with her husband at Tisbury. The epitaph chosen for her remembrance was the seventh verse of this Psalm,

> **The Lord of hosts is with us,**
> **The God of Jacob is our refuge.**

In Cromwell the soul of England had for a little while enjoyed a triumph. But unfortunately at his death the forces of reaction again broke loose. Carlyle says, ' The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms.' Carlyle is not to be believed, however, in that. The soul of England still goes marching on and rising up, though it is often thwarted and baffled and sometimes seems very weary. The goal is nearer now, and every year brings it nearer still.

This chapter owes much to Thomas Carlyle. It is to him also that the English people are indebted for the most popular translation of Luther's hymn into their language. This rugged Scot both admired and emulated the great reformer in the quality of that ' battle-voice ' which belongs to things genuine, and the great aversion of which is to utter a compromise with shams and falsehoods. He too was a doughty champion of truth against prevailing tyrannies. Bitter and uncouth he was called; and he may have been so. But his soul could rise to noble heights. Witness, for instance, his behaviour when he heard the news of how his manuscript, the fruit of years of thought and toil, was destroyed at the house of Froude, his friend. He has a claim upon the attention of the world when he declares the need for great persons. Average humanity is mean enough. Mediocrity at any time is a low standard. Not many are they who rise above its pestilence and gloom and surfeit; but those who do (and who may not?) are the world's great glory. Luther's hymn attracted this rough modern crusader. He Englished it in characteristic fashion, and thus brought it into most of the modern hymn-books. He was not the only translator. In Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology* there are references to nearly seventy translations into English. About twenty of them are quoted as being in common use; but of Carlyle's version it is stated that, except for the fourth verse, it is the most faithful

and forcible of all the English versions. This hymn alone gives Carlyle a place among hymn-writers, and that place is a truly honoured one.

It has already been remarked that many of the most wonderful instances of the power of this song are to be found in the annals of war. Thus not only have fighters for spiritual liberty, such as Luther and Cromwell, found inspiration and succour in their words, but professional soldiers, real men of strife, have felt their power. Gustavus Adolphus has provided one excellent illustration. Another may be found in the records of the Indian Mutiny and the troubles out of which it sprang.

One of the men of that time, a man whom England owes a deep debt of gratitude, was Henry Havelock. When, on November 24, 1857, after the relief of Lucknow, he came to die, he said, ' I have for forty years so ruled my life that, when death came, I might face it without fear.' Fearless he was in life as well as in death. In the wars he had led his men from victory to victory, bringing deliverance to many who were in deadly peril, and restoring the prestige of the British power throughout the East. He feared neither death nor men because he devoutly feared God. In 1842 he had shown this very clearly when Dr. Brydon, the sole survivor of the British force at Kabul, had ridden for his life to Jellalabad. The arrival of this refugee was a signal of warning to the whole of the white population of the city. At any moment the storm might burst upon them. ' Insufficiently provided with ammunition, and scantily supplied with food, fighting behind crumbling walls whose circuit was too vast to be properly manned, they would have to hold their own for weeks against a host excited by previous victory.'

When Sunday came, and the garrison assembled for prayers, there was no chaplain to read the service. The duty therefore fell to one of the officers. Havelock, then a captain and, though grey-haired, as yet unknown to fame, supplied the place. Passing over the Psalms appointed for the day, and knowing both the beauty and the value of the Forty-sixth Psalm, he read that. He explained his action by saying that that was the one which ' Luther was wont to use in seasons of peculiar difficulty and depression.' It was an action fraught with blessing for his friends. Thus he comforted them with a faith of which he himself was a living witness. Such faith and courage is the heritage established for the admiration and example of this generation by the noble men of other days.

An Ideal—and a Gentle Reply

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he that lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than highest transports, choicest prayers,
That bloom their hour and fade.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

REPLY

Yet draw not thou too hard a line,
Nor set too fast a bound;
Man's spirit can no man define,
With word-rules hedge it round.

For He who gave us life and soul,
And made us as we are,
Alone can analyse the whole,
Its wondrous parts declare.

The tear may start, the bosom heave,
In sorrow or in joy,
And yet no weakly traces leave
Of sentiment's alloy.

As o'er a tender woman's cheek
The blush may swiftly spread;
Or pallid, quivering lips bespeak,
Some sudden, subtle dread.

But when the real terror comes,
And suffering makes men quail,
She, angel-hearted, ne'er succumbs,
Or is the last to fail.

So, oft in man, a woman's heart
May make him weep, or sigh;
And he still dare the lion's part
To fight, to bleed, to die.

—*Frank Ballard.*

The Conquest of Emily Bates

Tales of our Village (Second Series)

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

MRS. BATES, who ever since her close contact with death, when the floor of the old dairy gave way under her feet, and she had found herself rescued from a built-over well, by the husband she despised, and the children she hated, had become so admirable a wife, and so loving a step-mother, that she was marvelled at in Farley village.

But of this she knew nothing. It did not concern her what the village thought about her, one way or the other. What she hugged to her heart was the love that had been born, and grew apace in that lonely old farmhouse.

One evening, in the big old kitchen, she sat with her husband by the ingle-nook, where big logs blazed. She was contentedly knitting stockings, while her husband smoked. She had placed on a small table near her husband's elbow, a jug of warm elderberry-wine of her own making, from which James replenished a beautiful old mug from time to time, smiling from sheer happiness. No smoking in the cowshed, or the barn, or the old dairy now, but by his own fireside, with the companionship of a loving wife!

On this particular February night, however, they were a little troubled about Emily. It was quite a small trouble, because it was shared. Emily had, in Hastings, met with what seemed like a very nice young man, who was assistant in a grocer's shop in Robertson Street. He had quite a good post, one of trust; and it seemed quite possible that later on he would become a partner in the firm. He was called Charles Nicholson, and was twenty-five years old.

They had met in a curious way. Emily had come out of Redfern's Drapery Stores in Queen's Road, where she worked as a shopgirl. The evening was very stormy. She 'lived in' at the shop, but on this evening was going to meet a girl friend at the Memorial. They were going together to the Cinema de Luxe.

The wind had risen to a gale, and Emily was very nearly blown over, as she attempted to cross the street from York Buildings to the corner opposite the Queen's Hotel. A strong arm seized her, and she found herself piloted to safety.

Breathless, but infinitely relieved, she glanced up at her protector. She saw a good-looking young man who smiled at her frankly and honestly. He, for his part, had shown an unmistakeable interest, as he glanced at the pretty face of the girl, with its halo of golden-brown hair, blown into a charming disorder by a wind which had also added a heightened rose-colour to her cheeks.

She thanked him confusedly, and explained that she was to meet a girl friend here to go to the ' pictures,' but how they would get round the corner by the sea she could not imagine. It was so rough here, what would it be round the corner?

He answered quite naturally, ' I will wait till she comes, and see you both safe round.'

She had protested. He had insisted. Half an hour passed. The girl friend did not turn up, so Emily said, ' I think I'll go back, for my friend evidently thinks it is too rough to come.'

' Have you far to go? ' he asked. She told him she ' lived-in ' at a shop where she was an assistant, in Queen's Road.

' Then you will let me see you back,' he asked her. ' The wind is so strong, it is really not safe for a girl like you—you are such a light-weight.'

She laughed. ' I think I should be glad,' she answered shyly. ' I am a bit nervous of a wind like this.'

' And with reason,' he made answer. ' I am glad I chanced along.'

' You are a very kind man,' Emily said, glancing up at him with eyes like a child's, so free were they from guile.

But she remembered his face as she saw it then. She remembered it always. He was dark, very dark, with big black eyes, full of kindness. His features were fine, and of a Spanish type. His expression, as her eyes met it, was one of protection and of chivalry. Emily would not have understood this last word, but she did understand the sense of it. An instant attraction towards him was kindled in her heart.

That he was attracted to her she did not realize, or even conjecture about. Yet her fresh innocence had made a big appeal to him, and when he left her at the door of Redfern's shop, he was resolved to see more of her.

More he did see. They became friends; so much so, that Emily had taken him home to the farm outside Farley, to have tea with her stepmother before many weeks had passed. No word of love had passed between them, yet Emily knew that her heart was his.

On this evening, when James Bates and his wife sat in the farm kitchen, Mrs. Bates said to her husband:

'I am worritted about Emily—she seemed so happy till last Sunday when she came. You must have noticed it James, how different she was. I do hope nothing's wrong with her?'

'I did think her unusual quiet,' James acknowledged.

'Well, James, I being a woman saw a bit farther. I think somehow there's been something amiss in her love-affair.'

''Twern't quite that—I mean they weren't no ways bound, so I understood,' the father said, as he pulled at his pipe.

'Well, James, maybe you're right,' his wife agreed. 'Emily has never spoken of his having asked her to have him. All the same, I can see her heart is set on him. I'm wondering if he is one of them sort of men who lead a girl to care for them more than they intend. Some men, when they like a girl, are so nice and pleasant to her, that they seem like as if they are in love, when they are not. Sometimes they wake up and see they have made this mistake, and then they cool off sudden-like. I am wondering if that young Nicholson is like that. I hate to think of our Emily being let down. But maybe it's my fancy. I liked the look of that young man that day he came here. But he has not been again, has he?—no, and Emily now says nothing about him. I don't ask her no questions, it being fairer to her to my thinking. I don't hold with prodding into any one's heart. If it opens of its own accord, then I'm ready to listen and to help.'

'You are amazing wise to my thinking, Deborah,' he made answer. 'You can't go digging in someone's heart like you dig potatoes. But maybe Emily will tell us when she's a bit less sore, supposing—only supposing—that things have gone a bit crooked—which they may not have done. I liked young Nicholson, what I saw of him.'

'We may be just worritting for nothing after all,' Mrs. Bates said, with a smile at her husband, 'and I am thinking we should now be going "up the wooden hills, and down to blanket fair," as the old nursery rhyme goes.'

She folded up her knitting, and laid it in a table drawer. The farmer drank what was left of his elder-wine, and the two mounted the stairs quietly, not to disturb Jimmy, who had to be up very early next morning to help Larry Jones in the slaughter-house.

But there was trouble for poor Emily. That very night she

was lying awake in the big room where a row of white beds accommodated the ' young lady assistants ' at Redfern's shop. The beds were very close together, but very sweet, and clean, and comfortable.

From the next bed to Emily's a slim hand crept out, and felt for hers. She grasped it with sympathetic pressure, feeling a ring which was upon the third finger of the hand: feeling also a little flutter of that hand which somehow made her think of a bird.

A whisper came from the owner of the hand with the ring upon its third finger.

' Emily dear, they are all asleep. I do so want to tell you! You see you are my very best friend, and I am so happy I can only lie and tremble with it. Queer that me being only just come here should so take to you! '

' Yes, tell me, Ada,' Emily whispered, choking down a sob that threatened to become audible.

' Well dear, as I told you before, Charlie had taken me to the Pier entertainments and to the pictures, and he gave me chocolates every week. He took me to Rye on Sundays, on the bus, and we had tea at The Mermaid. He always met me on early-closing days, and took me somewhere. Oh, it was heavenly after my miserable home at Bulverhythe. Last summer we had a trip to Boulogne, and he bought me a pendant to wear. But he didn't ask me to marry him. What I thought was, that he was just waiting till he got a bit better off. He always kissed me when we parted, but was very nice behaved. Oh! how I loved him!—But I have told you all this before.'

' Never mind,' whispered Emily, ' tell me all you want to.'

' Then, Emily, he quite sudden cooled off. He did not meet me like he had done. I fair broke my heart. As I told you, I felt sure he had met someone he liked better than me. But I never saw him with any other girl. I scarcely ever saw him at all. I wondered why he had grown tired of me so sudden, if he hadn't taken up some other girl. I tried to think what I could have done. Oh, I was heart-broken. Then all at once, he came up to me on Wednesday afternoon, as I was walking alone on the East Hill, wishing I had the courage to throw myself over the cliff into the sea below, I was that miserable. He came up to me, and said like words shot out of a gun, " Ada, when will you marry me? "

' And I cried, and cried, and could not answer—not for a long time. He wiped my tears away, and said, " Suppose we go

down by the lift, and then go to Dobell's, and buy an engagement ring. That comes before a wedding ring, doesn't it? ''

' And we came down in the lift, and walked through the Old Town, and into Robertson Street; and I told him how I hated myself because I had doubted him. I told him I had thought he was tired of me, or had seen someone he liked better, as he had stopped meeting me. He said he had not behaved well in leaving me in the dark, but that anyway he was going to be a good boy now, and that he had had a rise, so we could be married in the spring. I suppose he had been waiting for that rise, and maybe had been extra busy. I did not tell him he might have written to me to say he could not meet me; but I thought it. Perhaps he didn't think I should think things and get upset! Anyway, we are to be married in the spring, and we have found a house in St. Mary's Terrace that will be vacant then. Oh! I am so happy! A home of my own, with the man who is everything to me! A home of my own, after my wretched home at Bulverhythe! Oh! Emily, I am so glad to have a friend like you to share my joy.'

' Go to sleep, dear, and dream of it,' said Emily.

' Yes, dear,' said Ada, ' I will, and it is lovely to have a dear friend like you lying in the next bed! I love you, Emily—next to him! '

And Emily lay wide awake for hours.

Never would Ada Grieves know what she had done for her—what she had sacrificed for her—and for right. God grant that the pang she felt might become less acute.

Charles Nicholson had asked her to marry him after she had received Ada's confidences, on the first night of her coming as a new assistant. Emily had met him by appointment on the Front, fully determined in her attitude. He had undoubtedly made love to Ada Grieves, a dear little girl, who had always had a hard fight with circumstances—a girl for whom she had felt an affection on the very first day she had come to Redfern's. She knew that Nicholson now had changed his allegiance, and that it was she he now wanted. He did not know Ada was at Redfern's. They paced the Front, at first in silence, for her restraint reacted on him. Possibly this mutual attitude caused him to make his proposal of marriage a little abruptly.

' Emily,' he said, ' why beat about the bush? I will say straight out and without needless palaver, that I love you, and want to marry you.'

She came to a standstill, near the Baths, and stood with her

hands resting on the rails that bordered the Promenade. He stood close, and looked into her face eagerly, anxiously. An undefined alarm came into his heart as he saw a new look, which was disconcerting, on Emily's face. It was, he told himself, a ' grown-up ' look, on a face which had hitherto been to him as a child's face, full of confidence, and unbroken faiths. What could have effected this marvellous change?

Emily remained silent, gazing out to sea, where the lights on a liner showed against the horizon. His heart thumped almost painfully. He had been so sure he had won her love. He had been so sure of her answer when he had asked her to marry him. He wanted her beyond anything in the world.

' Emily,' he said, almost tremulously, after what, to him, was an intolerable waiting, ' don't keep me in suspense.'

' I will not,' she answered, turning and facing him squarely. ' I have had a curious experience.'

' Not some other fellow?' he burst out excitedly.

' No,' she answered, with a strange edge on her voice—a voice he had always found so musical, so gentle. ' It is—some other girl.'

He stared at her, waiting for her next words.

She went on bravely, in a calm fashion ill-attuned to the tumult within her.

' A new girl came to Redfern's a day or two ago. She was shy, and I saw she was unhappy. Her bed was next to mine in the dormitory where we sleep. Hers was the last bed, near the wall. I lay awake, till all the girls except this new girl were asleep. I heard her quietly crying. I slipped out and put my arms round her, and tried to comfort her. She was such a sweet, gentle girl, and all day I had grieved about her sad expression, and had tried to help her, and show myself friendly.

' As I held her to me, sitting on her bed, she opened her heart to me. There was a man she loved, and who had seemed to love her. He had taken her out every week. He had—oh, he had certainly tried to make her love him. Then suddenly he left her. He never came; and he never wrote. She was sure he had seen someone he liked better. She was broken-hearted, for this man was all she had to cling to. Her home was a very unhappy one.'

She paused as she heard him gasp curiously; but she went on ruthlessly. ' *She told me that man's name.* That man has just asked me to marry him. Need I tell you what I think of him? '

With a sudden passion he seized Emily's hands, and held

them as in a vice, and brought his face near to hers. She saw in the light of the lamp near them, that his face was working with emotion. His words seemed to gush forth like a torrent that had been pent up.

'Emily, I own I thought I loved Ada till I saw you. When I saw you I knew I had been mistaken. I did not think she cared for me like you say. She'll soon forget me, and find another fellow. They all do, Emily. She's a really nice girl, and pretty too. She is sure to find a good husband. But Emily, I want you. I want you more than anything else in the world. Ada will soon get over it. Any man would tell you that. Emily, girls should know that when men like me take them out, it only means friendship. It is "fifty-fifty." If she got to care for me I am sorry.'

Emily freed her hands, saying with some disillusionment evident in her tone, 'You said you thought you loved her till you met me. You did make love to her: and you won her heart. You do not now seem to mind if you break it. Do you think I would marry a man like that? I'd be an old maid first!'

'Emily I thought you cared for me—really I did! Can't you see that if a man sees he has taken a wrong road it is sensible to turn back and take another?'

'There is only one honourable road for you to take, Charles,' she made answer. 'Say what you like, you did make love to Ada Grieves. If you do not marry her, you will be a contemptible cur: so you have my opinion straight. I'd never look at a man like you! She would, poor little girl, for she loves you.'

'And you—Emily, don't you love me?' he asked her.

The Promenade was very deserted. They were practically alone, though away beyond shone the lights of the Pier where many people were enjoying a play.

Emily answered with sincerity, 'I could never be a loving wife to a man who had broken another girl's heart to get me. Only one thing can you get from me now. You can win my respect, and my friendship, by doing your duty by Ada. If you do not do your duty by Ada, I shall have contempt for you. I shall despise you. I shall despise myself for ever even having liked you.'

He looked at her much as a man looks on the face of the beloved dead.

'Oh! you think badly of me!' he said brokenly.

'Then make me think well of you,' she answered. 'Ada will

never know from me what has been between us. She must never know. Think of her! poor little girl, so good, and sweet, and hard-working, and with so wretched a home! Her father is a rotter, and her poor mother has to go out to work to keep the other children. Ada has known no happiness except in you. It is up to you to make her life happy. You have given your word to her in act anyway. You have got to pay your debt. You won't be sorry either, for Ada will be a good wife, if I'm any judge; and I think I am. But whatever you do, I shall not meet you again, understand that once and for all. You are not what I thought you, and I care more for Ada's little finger, than for your whole body! That's straight.'

Charles Nicholson stood like a frozen man before the girl he had asked to marry him. All the passion had died down; but a profound respect had replaced it. She was right. Emily was right. He had, he knew he had really committed himself to Ada Grieves, though he had not actually asked her to become engaged to him. He saw that out of pure selfishness he had been ready to throw her over. Poor little girl! he had served her badly. Somehow, Emily, who was close at his side seemed very far off.

He spoke at last in a voice which sounded to him unfamiliar.

'Emily, you are right. I will do what you want me to do. One thing I ask. If I make Ada happy, will you try to think more kindly of me?'

'I shall not need to try,' she answered whole-heartedly.

Somehow Charles Nicholson felt on a higher plane as they walked together back to Redfern's establishment. Emily certainly felt on a higher plane. She had, she knew, renounced something she had prized, out of loyalty to the girl who had confided in her.

For the first few weeks after Emily's renunciation, she suffered acutely. Night after night she had her wound probed afresh as the whispering voice from the bed next to hers told of happy hours spent with her lover. There were nights when poor Emily felt she must leave Redfern's—leave Hastings. She felt she could not bear it any longer. There were occasions too, when she met Charles walking happily with Ada. He certainly had not had much difficulty in forgetting her, she told herself a little bitterly. Yet, with all this, she did not regret what she had done. In her heart she knew that she had done right. She was glad to see poor little Ada happy, even if she suffered.

And all this was what had brought into her face that look

which had troubled her stepmother. She, unlike Ada, told no one at all of this pain at her heart. She was now a ' window-dresser ' and gaining a higher salary. Why should she not apply for a similar post in London? So she would be spared these harrowing, whispering recitals each night. She certainly must get away before the wedding. Ada wanted her for a bridesmaid. She couldn't—oh, she couldn't!

Then a drastic cure came to her. It hurt badly, but it was effective.

Ada's face, as she undressed one night, was so eager, so brimming over with news to be told, that Emily was quaking for that whispered recital she always got on early-closing days. ' Charlie had done this—or said that.' Trivialities mostly, but containing a sting for one who had once held Ada's place. Curiously enough her affection for poor little Ada never swerved. She was conscious only of her own loss. She had loved Charlie more than she had known. There were moments when she almost hated herself for having—though unwittingly—stolen Ada's lover. She was also filled with shame, that she could not put him right out of her heart. She had no right to think of him. Why did she do it?

On this particular night when all the tired girls were asleep, Ada stretched out her hand, and plucked at Emily's quilt. ' Emily dear,' the whisper began, ' would you believe it! Charlie to-night told me that after he had started going out with me, he had been out with another girl for a bit. He said he thought he cared for her, but now he was sure he hadn't really, and it was only me he had ever really cared for? Wasn't it nice of him to own up like that? He needn't have told me. I should never have known. He wouldn't tell me who it was, as he said it wouldn't be treating her fair. I can't think who it was, though I've tried. But I'm real sorry for her, because she may have cared for him, and is, maybe, taking it badly. Still he was mine first, wasn't he? '

' Of course,' whispered Emily.

' What I think,' continued Ada, ' is, what an open fellow my Charlie is, and what a true husband he will make. He said he had a great respect for that girl, which he had mistook for love. So you see I've got him heart and soul all my own.'

In this way Emily learned how small a hold she had had on the heart of a man to whom she had been willing to give herself.

Pride rose, and played its part valiantly. This man she had renounced that he might do his duty to another: this man she

had believed completely in love with herself. How soon he had found that she meant no more to him than a passing fancy! It was not flattering!

Well, the knowledge she had gained blotted him out of her life. From henceforth he would mean nothing to her. Curiously enough, she felt glad. She had allowed herself to remain chained to a delusion, she told herself. Now she was free. Never again would her little friend's confidences wound her.

Her old gaiety returned—a quiet and subdued gaiety it had always been, never a touch of excitement in it. She hummed a tune as she dressed her windows with deft artistic fingers.

A commercial traveller stood on the pavement and watched her with evident approval. He entered the shop to see Mr. Redfern, but paused near the window where Emily was fixing a robe on a model.

'I say, miss,' he remarked in a low voice, 'you *can* dress windows! If you want a change I can put you wise to a fine job at Brighton—well paid. I've been told to keep my eyes skinned for a good window-dresser.'

That was the beginning of what proved to be a splendid 'move on' for Emily. Her talent had been discovered, by chance it would seem.

Mr. Redfern rather under-rated the importance of window-dressing. He thought Emily made more of it than was needed. He considered that she 'changed' the window too often—'making work' he called it.

Emily's idea was that passers-by should be made to stop outside Redfern's, because the window was sure to contain a new attraction. She argued that to come to a standstill outside a shop, mostly meant coming in.

And she was right.

Also, the commercial traveller, who had been told 'to keep his eyes skinned' to find a really good window-dresser, had realized that Emily would 'go far.'

It was through him, Harvey Wecket, that Emily received a fine offer from the firm of 'Becket Banes & Co.' at Brighton, which she accepted. Within a month she was in her new post. Much more came of this. But that is another story.

The Praying Palm Tree. By J. Whitehead Clegg, B.D. (Allenson, 2s. 6d.). Ninety-three short addresses which those who use them may easily expand for themselves. Scenes of Missionary life, nature stories, and brief sketches of famous men and women add to the interest of the talks which all point to Christ as Friend and Saviour.

The Class Meeting in the Anglican Church

By CHARLES CLOSE, M.C.

WHEN John Wesley, in 1739, acceded to the request of 'eight or ten persons, who desired that he would spend some time with them in prayer, and advise them how to flee from the wrath to come,' he gave to Methodism its distinctive note of 'Experience.'

Wesley at that time could not possibly have foreseen what a great part the Class Meeting would subsequently play in the life of 'the People called Methodists.' That simple request of the 'eight or ten persons,' and Wesley's willingness to help them, resulted in the founding of a meeting that has shaped the whole character of Methodism.

Not only so, but there is evidence that the Class Meeting has profoundly influenced for good the Anglican Church too. When this form of meeting became common in Methodism, some of the more devout clergy saw great possibilities in it for the improvement of the spiritual life of their flock, and so adopted the system, holding meetings at regularly appointed times.

An Anglican Class Book.

One day when I was visiting an old Methodist family in a remote village in the Dales, my hostess brought out a book that she thought would interest me. At first I took it to be a very ancient Methodist Class Book. It proved to be one of the original *Anglican* Class Books, for the Parish Church Society at Sedgefield.

Sedgefield is a charming village mid-way between Stockton and Bishop Auckland. One hundred and thirty years ago the beautiful old Parish Church had a Class Meeting with a membership of one hundred and fifty-one. There were societies also in the neighbouring hamlets of Morden, Fishburn, and Bradbury, each worked from the parent society.

The old Class Book proved profoundly interesting. Much in it indicated that it was suggested by, if not based upon, Methodism's Class Book. Many of the rules are most quaint, and touching in their character. Incidentally the book gives some delightful side-lights on the life of that period. The combination of trades that people had in those days seems amazing to us to-day.

On the first page we read, ' Regulations and Prayers of a Society for Religious Instruction.' ' O worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness.' ' We whose names are undersigned, aware of the depravity and corruption of human nature, and feeling the necessity of every aid which religion can bestow, do hereby declare:

' (1) That we will meet together on every Sunday evening at seven o'clock at any convenient house which our ministers shall appoint for the following purposes.—

' (2) That we will, under the direction of our ministers, read the Scriptures, or such other pious and devotional books as our ministers shall advise, so that under the blessing of Almighty God and the merits of our Redeemer, we may at length be qualified for, and enter into those mansions of eternal bliss.

' (3) That, in conformity with this design, though fully sensible that we are all sinners, and that our Saviour came " not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," yet, anxious that our Society should accomplish the purpose for which it was established, we deem it necessary, and do hereby resolve, that any persons who shall, after becoming members of the same, continue to live in the habitual, or frequent commission of any great, and known sin, shall be accordingly admonished by our ministers and, in case of their still neglecting to amend their lives, shall be judged improper to belong to this Society, and be consequently excluded.

' (4) That it is deemed expedient for all persons desirous of becoming members of this Society, to deliver in their names to one of the ministers, a full calendar month previous to their admission. The ages being entered of those persons only who are above fifty.

' (5) That it is the wish, and intention, of the Members of this Society, to contribute to the relief of the bodily, as well as mental sufferings, and infirmities of each other, as far as circumstances will render practicable, and necessary.'

Some Quaint Rules.

Then follow the ' Rules.' ' Established December 9, 1798, to be observed by all persons attending at the room of the Society for Religious Instruction, in the town of Sedgefield.

' (1) That the Persons who attend shall seat themselves in the following order: The women above sixty, nearest to the fire; next to these the young women under twenty: then the men above sixty; then the young men under twenty; and beyond these, and on the forms under the window, the rest of the men:

the gallery being set apart for the rest of the women only. Persons hard of hearing to sit with the old people.

' (2) That from this time, no persons under twenty shall be admitted as members, but merely allowed to come to the Room in the company of a member, who will be expected to be answerable for their good behaviour.

' (3) That every person attending will be expected to observe decent and orderly behaviour, all the men having their hats off, not only after, but before the coming in of the minister; on the penalty of their being prevented from ever again attending at the Room.

' (4) That no persons, whether members or not, shall bring with them any children, unless they be such as would prevent their own attendance, by their being unable to leave them at home.

' (5) That each Member will be expected to assist in enforcing the rules, by giving immediate information to one of the ministers of any infringement of them (the name of the person giving such information being carefully concealed), since, otherwise, it is to be feared that the seriously disposed may be prevented from receiving Religious Instruction by the ill-behaviour of the inattentive, the careless, and the profligate.'

The remaining pages contain the various Societies. They appear to have had, as we have to-day, several Classes in the same Society. And these did not always meet at the ' Room,' but at the homes of different members, or it may be, leaders.

Sunday 6 o'clock Society at Ralph Brown's.

Thursday 7 o'clock Society at Ralph Brown's.

Saturday 7 o'clock Society at G. Worthy's.

A page containing the list of members makes an interesting study. There are four columns, giving the ' Names,' the ' Age,' the ' Family,' the ' Condition.'

Mary Bowden, 81, labourer.

Robert Buckle, wife, cordwainer, cordwainer and constable.

John Oliver, 52, four children, decoyman and labourer.

John Smith, 62, two nephews, tallow chandler and school master.

The Societies in Sedgefield and the neighbouring hamlets were in a flourishing condition, if one can judge by the membership. The meetings were a little more formal than the Methodist Class Meeting. At the end of the book several prayers are given, including ' the General Confession,' some of which are ' to be said before reading,' and the others ' after reading.'

Music and Literature

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

II. DANTE (3)

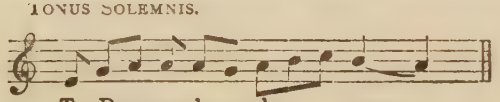
Ancient Hymns.

THE poet also records the singing of some of the ancient hymns of the Church. In a magnificent passage he describes how he heard the *Te Deum* chanted as he passed through the gate of Purgatory.

> **Attentively I turned**
> **Listening the thunder, that first issued forth;**
> **And 'We praise Thee, O God' methought I heard**
> **In accents blended with sweet melody.**
> **The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound**
> **Of choral voices, that in solemn chant**
> **With organ mingle, and now high and clear**
> **Came swelling, now float indistinct away.**

Once more he heard this hymn, this time in Paradise, 'in song of most unearthly melody.' The music, too, is different, for the words are 'Set to the music sung where saints adore.'

TONUS SOLEMNIS.

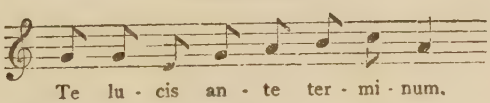


Towards the close of day Dante enters a flowery valley, and hears one singing 'Te lucis ante.' These are the opening words of an old evening hymn, of which many English translations exist, the best known being that by Neale:

> **Before the ending of the day**
> **Creator of the world, we pray**
> **That with Thy wonted favour Thou**
> **Would be our Guard and Keeper now.**

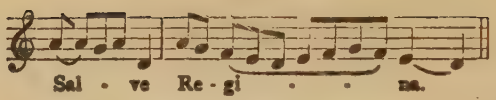
It is said to date back to the eighth century, but the writer is unknown.

Mode VIII.



Some of the hymns heard by Dante are now to be found only in the mass books of the Roman Catholic Church. As he is passing through the Valley of Fair Colours and Sweet Odours on his way to the ascent of the Mountain of Purgatory, he hears some spirits chanting a hymn to the Virgin beginning 'Salve Regina.'

Mode I. (Dorian).



The Rev. J. Mearns, writing about this hymn in the *Dictionary of Hymnology,* tells us that it dates from the twelfth century, and that it 'was much used in Italy by the fishermen and sailors when at sea in stormy weather.' Needless to say, Dante makes no haphazard choice of the hymns he refers to. Each one has its perfect setting, and into each the poet has read a deeper meaning than seems to lie on the surface. Just as the singing of the hymn 'In exitu Israel' is appropriate because it hints at the spiritual significance of the passing from a state of corruption to the freedom of eternal glory, so the 'Salve Regina' is appropriately assigned to the souls in exile.

> Mother of mercy, hail, O gentle queen,
> To thee we cry from our sad banishment,
> To thee we send our sighs,
> Weeping and mourning in this tearful vale.

In Paradise he hears another hymn to the Virgin, 'Regina coeli,' which is specially appointed to be sung on the days following Easter Sunday, and thus it accords with the assumed date of Dante's Vision. There is one other notable example of the appropriateness of Dante's choice. He approaches the realm of those condemned to suffer for the lust and impurity of their lives on earth, and he heads the spirits singing the hymn, 'Summus Deus Clementiae,' which contains a prayer for purity, rendered thus by Plumptre:

> O burn Thou up with well-attempered fires
> The heart diseased, the passions base within,
> That, with loins girt and purified desires
> We stand on guard against each lustful sin.

In a wonderfully fine passage in *Paradise* cxiv. Dante bears testimony to the wondrous effect on him of the power of song. He is attracted by a melody, and recognizes that it is being sung to

> A hymn
> Of lofty praises; for there came to me
> 'Arise and Conquer,' as to one who hears
> And comprehends not. Me such ecstasy
> O'ercame; that never, till that hour, was song
> That held me in so sweet imprisonment.

Commentators have failed to trace any hymns or antiphon that these words 'Arise and Conquer' might suggest. No doubt the

poet is intentionally indefinite, as one who ' hears and understands not ' would be.

Poets and Musicians.

In the course of his wanderings through these three realms Dante meets many who, whilst on earth, had gained fame as musicians or as singers, yet they find no place in modern reference books; you will search Grove's *Dictionary* in vain for information, and it is only their setting in the *Divine Comedy* that has preserved most of them from oblivion. Soon after he enters Purgatory he meets Casella, who had set to music one of Dante's own songs, which he asks him to sing, and Casella then

> Began in such soft accents that within
> The softness thrills me yet.

This meeting is referred to by Milton in his sonnet on Henry Lawes:

> Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
> Than his Casella whom he wooed to sing
> Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

Dr. Burney, in his *History*, says that in the Vatican Library is preserved a Ballatella, or Madrigal, the music of which is stated to be by Casella.

As Dante is climbing the rough rocky heights of Ante-Purgatory he and Virgil see the spirit of Sordello sitting apart,

> Eyeing us as a lion on his watch,

and Virgil at once recognizes him as a fellow citizen of Mantua.

Sordello seems to have been a warrior poet, a kind of thirteenth-century d'Annunzio, but without the taint of madness that characterized the actions of the latter. His reputation is, as Cary points out, largely owing to the admiration expressed for him by Dante, though this in itself ' is a satisfactory guarantee of merit, and a sufficient passport to renown.'

Browning has made him the subject of one of his poems wherein he allows his imagination to ignore the known facts of Sordello's life in order that he may trace in a general way the development of a poet's soul. In his first two books Browning shows how Sordello failed as a poet, and in the last four he shows how he nearly failed as a man, and concludes thus:

> Who would has heard Sordello's story told.

Sordello may probably be classed as one of the Troubadours, concerning whose doings many a volume has been written. They flourished from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, and were artists in the writing of a certain style of lyric poetry, which abounded in curious devices of metre and rhythm.

Leaves from my Portfolio

By GABRIELLE GARTH

THE ORANGE MAN

I HAD been spending a week with my brother-in-law, vicar of a quaint little church in Surrey. I don't know much about architecture, but this church was certainly very old, and for me it had a certain fascination. There was one enormous pew for the squire, which was like a big box. It was really a *room,* into which the rest of the congregation could not look—so high was the wooden surround. The squire, who was very old, habitually went to sleep during the sermon, and if he were not seen, he was certainly heard! But it is not of him I am writing, but of an orange man, who nearly took my brother-in-law's breath away.

The time was spring, and the orchard attached to the absurdly large vicarage was in delicious bloom. My sister Dorothea, who, by the way, was so much older than myself as to excite humorous comment, had gone away to the South of France for a much-needed holiday, and I had come to 'keep house' for her during her absence. She held out an inducement, 'You can do some lovely sketching here at this time of the year, so you won't be wasting time: and I really can't be happy to leave Anselm (Oh! what a name! That is my comment, not Dorothea's) alone in such a remote village, with practically no companionship. Didbury is composed of fossils—your own pronouncement, Gabrielle! You are young still. (I am not so very young, but to Dorothea, I no doubt seem so. She brought me up.) Yes, Gabrielle,' her inducement went on, 'You can liven-up the old vicarage, while I lie out on a long-chair in the sun at Nice, and try to drink in a little prolongation of life for the sake of Anselm.'

Dorothea always wrote in this fashion. Anselm was all the world to her.

I must own he is a dear old man, gentle and kindly; but I wish he did not wear his white hair quite so long. To my mind it looks untidy; it falls about so. Dorothea describes it as beautiful, and wonders that I, being an artist, don't appreciate it more. But I appreciate *him* anyway: a good, holy, simple-hearted man, unselfishly tending his flock, and doing his duty, unsparing of himself, in a village where one could almost feel as if one were on an island, so far is it from a town. Five miles

from the nearest railway-station! Anselm's old pony dragged the still older dog-cart, to fetch me when I arrived. He did the journey leisurely as befitted his age, and an undue fatness. No doubt the age and indolence of Bobbin, the general factotum of the vicarage, who was the driver, had something to do with it. I did not object. The Surrey hills are a joy one wants to take leisurely.

Eventually arriving at the vicarage, close upon tea-time, I was met by Anselm, at the gate of the short carriage-drive. I noted at once that he was a trifle excited. He looked pleased and elated. I did not flatter myself that my arrival accounted for this. He was fond of me mildly, as a sort of child of his wife's; but I could not remember any show of special enthusiasm about me. I had formed the opinion that Anselm really preferred old people and things.

'Gabrielle!' he exclaimed quite with animation, 'I am so glad you have come! Dorothea is not here to tell it to. I have had such an extraordinary experience.'

I jumped out of the dog-cart, leaving my belongings to the mercy of Bobbin, the sombulant. My brother-in-law linked his arm in mine and led me into the old vicarage. The big square hall was always dim even in summer, but as we passed through it to the library, I caught a gleam of yellow, I knew not from whence.

A tea-table was spread in the library all ready for me, and an old servant was placing the tea-pot on the big silver tray, as we came in. She wanted to show me to my room, but Anselm waved her away.

'Gabrielle,' he said, 'wait a moment while I tell you.' I sat down by him on a roomy chesterfield near which the tea-table stood. I waited.

'Gabrielle, I was sitting in the orchard reading my Greek Testament this afternoon, when I saw a man enter, bearing a big basket of oranges. I knew he would reach me and ask me to buy his fruit. Of course I should buy some, I thought, and went on reading. All at once I heard a cultured voice reading the Greek aloud over my shoulder. I started, and rose from my seat to be face to face with a ragged yet clean man, who carried a basket of oranges.

'I could not find words. "Will you buy a few oranges, sir?" he asked.

'That roused me. "How do you come to be able to read Greek?" I asked him. My voice trembled,

' "I should not have read aloud," he said a little bitterly. " It was such a joy to see Greek text again. I just forgot I was an outcast."

' And I said, " *You shall not be an outcast.* God has sent you here. Here you stay. I know nothing of you. We have room and to spare here. I ask you no questions."

' But he told me all. My dear Gabrielle, it was a pitiful story and rang true. He was a Cambridge University graduate, and had been the " sport of fate " so he put it. He had struggled and struggled to get some employment. He had no relations to help him. Finally he had come to selling oranges.

' Gabrille, I have engaged him as my secretary. It is most amazing, but I knew his father. We were at Clare College together, at Cambridge. Isn't it appalling that a Cambridge graduate should come to such a pass. Yet, there are not posts to go round, and I know it. A man can go down and down for want of money or influence till he comes to sell oranges! '

The sequel to this extraordinary occurrence is, that this man who had come down to sell oranges, not only became the right hand of my aged brother-in-law, but became an author whose books gained recognition in England—but more in America!

Fortunately for Anselm—but quite naturally also—Dorothea had raised no objections to this new inmate of their household.

One thing I shall always remember. As I passed through the hall on my way to my room upstairs I saw a servant remove from a settle in the hall, a basket of oranges. This was the gleam of yellow that had caught my eye as I entered the hall.

The Literature Series of the Hogarth Press makes a happy beginning with *A Lecture on Lectures,* by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (2*s.* 6*d.*) which is delightfully discursive and instructive. The simple answer to those who maintain that the book has superseded the lecture is that there are lectures and lectures. Too many lectures may be attended at the University for ' a youthful soul's health,' and the tax on privileged instructors has become almost unbearable. *The Development of English Biography* by Harold Nicolson (3*s.* 6*d.*) surveys the subject from Browulf to Lytton Stracley, with illuminating criticism. The primary essential for ' pure ' biography is historical truth. It must also be well constructed and be a work of intelligence. Those canons are applied in a way that keeps one keenly interested from first to last. We gratefully welcome this promising series.

Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS.

'He Must Reign'

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse gives this title to the twelve Bible studies of which it stands first. Limits of space only allowed parts of them to appear in this *Magazine*, now that they are given in full their beauty and power are still more evident. As expositions of great Bible themes, fused with sympathy and lit up with faith and hope, they are a tonic for all perplexed and anxious minds. 'Partnership in Miracles' is based on the words of Mary to the servants at the wedding feast. Mr. Pearse dwells on the secrecy of miracle: 'To have such power and to have done such a work and yet to keep it secret is the very living picture of the meek and lowly Jesus. It was a tender and beautiful considerateness that would hide the poverty of the mother. That was all unsuspected.' Readers of these discriminating studies will find old scenes shining forth with fresh beauty. Mr. Pearse is extremely sensitive as to the feelings of those whom we try to help. 'In nothing do we need more grace than in seeking to meet the needs and heal the wounds of others. No hand can afford to minister to such but the hand of love. Mere duty is too cold, too hard; it bruises whilst it binds; it hurts whilst it heals. Love, tender and gracious love alone can turn the water into wine.' Arresting sentences meet us everywhere. 'In Christ's hospital there is no ward for incurables.' 'A great heart grip is a mighty power, one might almost say the mightiest human power in the church.' (2*s.* 6*d.* net).

On What Should Citizenship be Founded?

Everybody in these days talks and thinks about the duty of the citizen. To know what is the best foundation of true citizenship is essential if the nation's life is to be at its best. To this end the Rev. V. D. Siddons, B.A. has expounded the question in the *Religious Bases of Citizenship* (2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*). Of the book 'The Sunday School Chronicle' says, the author 'presents in these chapters the Christian ideal in regard to a world-wide society, which shall be in truth the "Kingdom of God." The chapters are necessarily brief, but it is a really good little book as an introduction to a pressing theme. 'Joyful News' states that 'The book is obviously slight, but nevertheless it gives a very good statement of the subject, allowing for brevity with the inevitable omissions that it brings. . . . It

will be a very useful manual for Bible Classes and groups who want to study the sound teachings of the Bible. It is well done and reliable.' ' And it is worth while! ' so says ' The United Methodist ' in a long review and adds, ' Here is a book which has nothing to say about particular problems but which deals with underlying principles, and convinces us how necessary is their consideration. . . . *The Religious Basis of Citizenship* is just the introduction we are needing for young people to the underlying principles on which our sound thinking should rest. We hope it will be widely studied.'

' Black Diamond '

This is a South African story by J. J. Johnson (5*s.* net). George Darnley comes to his father's rescue when a Jewish money-lender hopes to confiscate his farm, and his good fortune at the diamond fields helps him to redeem the money-lender's bond. Life on the veldt at the diggings is described with insight. The chief interest of the story lies in the native question and the attitude of the Boers during the Great War. A note tells us that the names and the principal characters are fictitious, but it is easy to see for whom General van Trouw stands and George Darnley's chief ambition is to carry on his policy. George's love affair has its tragic side, but it ends happily and his maiden speech in the Cape Parliament is a triumph. It is a story that will give much pleasure and will help those who read it to understand South Africa and its problems.

The Fight for Protestantism.

Writing in ' The Newquay Express,' the Rev. T. W. Slater, in dealing with *Protestantism Justified* (1*s.* net), says, ' Those who want to know what are the things at stake in the present Prayer Book controversy should read Dr. Ballard's wonderful book.' From ' The Christian World ': ' Dr. Ballard restates the case for Protestantism as against the claims of the Roman Catholic Church. . . . While deprecating the " persistent controversy about details of Christian doctrine " he argues that the claims of Rome constitute a menace to the Protestant cause which cannot be ignored. He brushes aside the possibility of any real union with Romanism, and in an excellent chapter explains the reasons why Rome still maintains its hold, and examines the influence of Anglo-Catholicism.' ' Those who desire to enter intelligently into the question of the Revised Prayer Book, will find much to help them in Dr. Frank Ballard's booklet. He deals with the vital principles of Protestantism and exposes to a

searching scrutiny not only Roman Catholicism, but the implications of Anglo-Catholicism now so dominant in the Church of England. It is a book for all days, specifically for to-day '—so says ' The Methodist Leader.' On this book ' Joyful News ' points out: ' Most of our readers will probably feel with us that it is very timely. . . . Dr. Ballard states the Protestant position trenchently and well. He is downright in his attack on Romanism, but gives good evidence for all his statements. . . . Here is ammunition for a warfare that has to be waged. Dr. Ballard is not tilting at windmills in these pages. He is dealing with stern reality, as many a village Methodist can testify.'

' Evolution and the Spirit of Man.'

Dr. Parton Milum's Thesis for his degree as Doctor of Philosophy in London University is a masterpiece (*7s. 6d.*). His aim has been to re-read the facts of scientific research in biology, geology, anthropology, and psychology as they throw light on the evolutionary world-view of man himself. He keeps his feet firmly on the ground of experience and has his eye on the world as a whole. Paley's *Natural Theology* evoked an immense admiration in Darwin's mind, but when he discovered the law of natural selection, the old argument from design in Nature seemed to him to fail. Dr. Milum says that Paley thought he was maintaining the absolute power of the deity by denying to the creatures any power of self-modification. He was ' quite unable to see that his opponents were furnishing an obvious solution to the problem of the existence of forms of life that no God of goodness ever made. This must be registered as one of the lost opportunities of Christian thought. The restoration of an errant creation was a theme for which Paley's mind was not sufficiently evangelical.' Dr. Milum's thesis has an Introduction on Evolution and Philosophy and seven chapters: ' The Changed Conception of Evolution,' ' The Separate Path that led to Man,' ' Man as a Mutation,' ' What is the Spirit of Man? ' ' The Question of Progress and Civilization,' ' Does Nature yield evidence of Purpose? ' ' Christianity with the background of Evolution.' Dr. Milum's last words are these:

' What we have to fear is nihilistic science, that draws back even from evolution, pours contempt upon the constructive intellect, and would deliberately hide the stars from human gaze, in order that in the fetid ant-hill of a materialistic Communism man may have the doubtful privilege of knowing neither God nor matter. But Christianity may save the human race from this by the might of its great

consistency, by its great positiveness, by its negation of all negation, Christianity is the Great Affirmation.'

John Wesley.

This is a little book, but Mr. Wakinshaw makes it a vivid picture of Wesley and his work. He does not profess to provide a *Life,* but hopes that his ' sketch and estimate of a marvellous career will be read by many who have no access to large and costly books dealing with the Founder of Methodism, and that it may ultimately lead them to the study of these scholarly and valuable works.' Its eight chapters are headed: Ancestry, Family, Environment, Character, Career, A Typical Year, Strife and Impact, Wesley's Place in History. All this is packed into less than ninety pages and sold for one shilling. That means close condensation, but it means also piquancy and it certainly whets the appetite for more.

Dr. Lidgett's ' Reminiscences.'

Dr. Lidgett holds a unique place in the Wesleyan ministry, and his *Reminiscences* help us to understand how he has gained it, and to measure in some small degree the influence he has exerted not only as Warden of the Bermondsey Settlement, and Alderman of the London County Council, but as a theologian, educational leader, friend of all churches, and a powerful Methodist leader. He writes for friends who will be grateful for the way in which he unveils his own methods and motives, and will take a keener interest in the objects to which Dr. Lidgett has devoted himself with such unselfish ardour and outstanding ability. This is a book that neither the world nor the Church will allow to be forgotten. It is pleasant to see with what confidence men like Dr. W. B. Pope and Dr. Moulton treated Dr. Lidgett in his early life, and his tributes to them are beautiful features of his *Reminiscences.*

' Straight Talks to Christians.'

Herston Travers knows how to speak out in a way that sets Christian men and women thinking. ' To be asked to fill even the humblest office in the Church is an honour.' That is a word that dignifies service. Many financial difficulties would vanish if the ' Money Problem in the Church were faced ' as Herston Travers suggests. There are few sides of Church life which are not touched on deftly and helpfully in this little book. How much the words on ' High Ideals in Church Entertainments ' are needed in many places! ' Parsons and People ' will open many eyes to the pressure which circuit life puts on a minister's time and thought. (1*s.* net.)

Reformation Freedom in Danger.

A crisis has arisen in the religious life of England. After twenty years' work by the Sacerdotalists the Deposited Prayer Book was rejected by the House of Commons in December last by a majority of thirty-three. This has brought the greatest of all issues before the nations. That issue is whether world-wide Protestantism shall be true to the Reformation and free, or whether she shall become Catholic, i.e. in everything save the Headship of the Pope, Roman Catholic.

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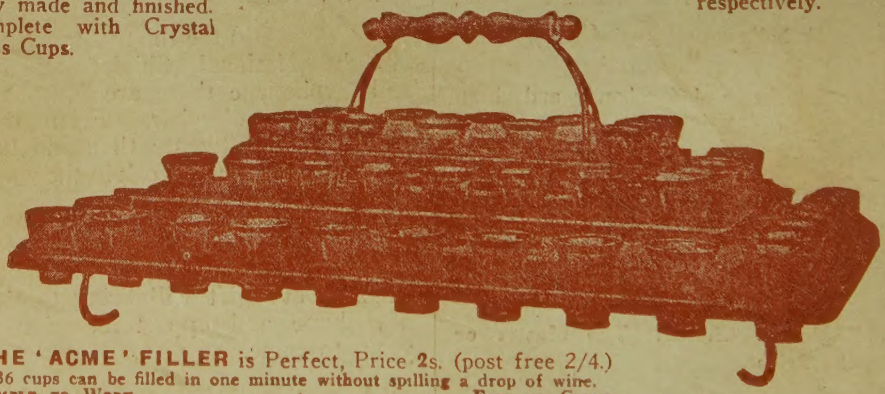

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